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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

JUNE 26 1981

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The fortunes of RLS

By Peter Keating

PAUL MAIXNER (Editor):
Robert Louis Stevenson -
The Critical Heritage
232pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£17.50.
0 7100 0505 9

Selected Short Stories of R. L.
Stevenson
Introduction by Ian Campbell
264pp. Edinburgh: Ramsay Head
£6.50.
0 90256 64 1

ROGER G. SWEARINGEN:
The Prose Writings of Robert Louis
Stevenson: A Guide
217pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 333 27652 3

"To love uncritically is to love ill", Frank Swinnerton announced solemnly in 1914. "To discriminate with mercy is a very humbly to justify one's privilege as a reader." The object of Swinnerton's mercurial critical discrimination was Robert Louis Stevenson. "It is no longer possible for a serious critic to place him among the great writers, because in no department of letters - excepting the boy's book and the short-story - has he written work of first-class importance." Seventeen years later Edwin Muir echoed these sentiments, giving to them an even stronger tone of elegiac finality: "He has joined that band of writers on whom, by tacit consent, the serious critic has nothing to say".

Swinnerton and Muir were themselves "serious" critics. They were not connected with the older generation of men of letters like Sidney Colvin and Edmund Gosse who had known Stevenson personally and were dedicated to the preservation of his reputation. "It is no use for us to strive with such a man", Gosse wrote to Colvin in 1924, referring to the "perverse, partially educated alien German" Leonard Woolf: "What he hates in R.L.S. is radically what we love - the refinement, the delicacy, the beauty." Nor did Swinnerton and Muir belong with those men like W. E. Henley who felt betrayed by the cult of personality that was turning Stevenson into a "seraph in chocolate". Least of all did they have any affinity with the

knockabout satire of George Moore, writing here about *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889):

Of course I am aware that it is ridiculous for me to decry a book that the "Spectator", the "Saturday Review", the whole of Bedford Park, and all the aesthetics of Clapham and Peckham Rye have in ocumenical council decided is to live for ever. For plea of my condemnation of a work already canonized and enthroned amongst the Immortals, I will again suggest to its many erudite admirers that it is, perhaps, after all only a story of an adventure with the story left out.

Whereas the judgments of Colvin, Gosse, Henley, and Moore can be allowed to take their place among the many extreme responses that Stevenson provoked, those of Swinnerton and Muir have a continuing significance. It still remains true that not many serious critics recognize Stevenson as being of "first-class importance", or, indeed, have anything to say about him at all. In recent years there have been published some good critical articles on individual novels; a few of his works have now appeared in the Penguin English Library; and there is the pioneering full-length critical study by David Daiches which was first published as long ago as 1947.

Stevenson's novels and stories seem to have always been widely read, and there is no absence of readers (in Scotland at least) who profess themselves to be great admirers of his work. Books about him continue to be published regularly, the great majority of them being biographical or historical in emphasis. It is tempting at times to feel that Stevenson has been lucky to escape the fashionable flood of close analysis that constantly threatens to drown many other writers, but it remains curious that he should have escaped so effortlessly. If research students and professional critics have not found in Stevenson the necessary material for what has been the dominant critical exercise for the past forty years, then either it is not there or Stevenson is even more of a special case than is usually allowed.

Current interest in Stevenson is fairly reflected in these three new books. The long-established Critical Heritage series aims to document the "reception given to a writer by his

contemporaries and near contemporaries" and Stevenson is a perfect candidate for inclusion. The editor, Paul Maixner, reprints reviews of Stevenson's work from *An Inland Voyage* (1878) to *St Ives*, published posthumously in 1897, and a handful of later assessments which extend to Leonard Woolf's "The Fall of Stevenson" in the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*, 1924, though it is Swinnerton's *Robert Louis Stevenson* of 1914 that is seen as representative of a new kind of challenge coming from a generation "with different values, sensibilities, and critical attitudes". Maixner also reproduces substantial extracts from letters by Stevenson, his friends and his critics, so that the reader obtains a clear view of what was a complicated, many-sided debate.

While Maixner offers the material needed for an understanding of Stevenson's past reputation, Ian Campbell's *Selected Short Stories of R. L. Stevenson* provides an opportunity to assess his achievement in an area in which even Swinnerton acknowledged Stevenson as outstanding. The stories are chosen to illustrate the range and variety of Stevenson's skills as well as his quality as a writer: they are also drawn from different phases of his career. Pride of place goes to the realistic *nouvelle* "The Beach of Falesá" which is rapidly becoming the work of Stevenson's most often admired by modern readers. There are also characteristic examples of his Scottish diabolic stories; what he himself called "shockers"; and the South Sea fables. In addition, Campbell includes two famous critical essays, "A Gossip on Romance" and "A Humble Remonstrance". It is a useful anthology, though one editorial error needs correction. The "note" which Stevenson appended to "The Bottle Imp" in order to acknowledge the source of his story is here transferred to "The Isle of Voices".

At least, that should be the attribution according to Roger Swearingen, and the phrase "according to Swearingen" is likely to figure prominently in future studies of Stevenson. *The Prose Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson: A Guide* by Roger Swearingen is, in quite simply, a class by itself. Swearingen describes his aim as "to give the most complete picture possible of Stevenson's actual literary activity as

his career progressed". This he achieves by listing in chronological order all of Stevenson's prose works, the chronology in this case being determined by the date when Stevenson began working on or planning particular works. So, to give a typical example, "Markheim", which is known to most students for its publication in *The Merry Men and Other Tales* (1887), is listed under November 1884 because that is the earliest known manuscript date. Full details of the story's subsequent publishing history are also given, together with manuscript sources, earnings from "Markheim", revisions to it, probable and possible influences, and even the relevant page references in the standard edition of Stevenson's *Letters*.

Entries vary in length from a few lines for an article or story with an uncomplicated history, to substantial essays on works such as *Treasure Island* and *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*: each entry, short or long, is packed with relevant, clearly presented information. Swearingen's passion for inclusiveness, usually well under scholarly control, does lead him into one fairly harmless eccentricity. Here we have listed not only the works which Stevenson wrote and published and those he began writing and abandoned, but also those which he considered writing and may or may not have done anything about. "[Novel solicited by Leslie Stephen.] June 1878-February 1879. MS untraced. Unpublished." begins one item: the possible meanings of the correspondence between Stevenson and Stephen are then argued out with characteristic enthusiasm. Another entry, for "An Old Song", deserves a special mention because it describes what is now known to be Stevenson's first published story. It was serialized anonymously in the periodical *London*, February-March, 1877, and was recently discovered by Roger Swearingen.

The impulse behind *The Prose Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson* is factual. Swearingen's concerns are with biographical and bibliographical accuracy, and critical judgment is suspended: in this kind of context the unpublished and untraced "The Devil on Crammond Sands" receives the same meticulous attention as the controversial *Dr Jekyll*. Yet the personal issues that lie behind so many of the

critical problems posed by Stevenson's work are always present - the frequent piecemeal composition; a restless imagination constantly testing out different literary forms; the pressure from well-meaning friends and relatives; the lack of stability caused by bad health and movement from country to country; and Stevenson's often chronic state of uncertainty about the kind of reading public he was reaching.

It is a central part of the Stevenson legend that during his lifetime the blatant puffing by friends exaggerated his importance, drew attention away from a just estimate of his work by concentrating on his romantic image, and, after his death, inspired a reaction that seriously undervalued his achievement. The evidence of the *Critical Heritage* shows how inadequate such a view is. Maixner is hard on those who created the cult of Stevenson, but he also points out that they cannot take all of the blame: "If Stevenson was the victim of his admirers, he also had the remarkable good fortune to find during his life a sizeable readership capable of a more or less full appreciation of his work." The drooping over Stevenson's charm (the literary and personal quality most commonly attributed to him) could certainly be sickening. It is amazing that he managed to survive reviews such as P. G. Hamerton's of *An Inland Voyage*, published in *Academy*:

He is like some flower with a very faint but very exquisite odour in a room already perfumed with strong essences. I wonder how many people there are in England who know that Robert Louis Stevenson is, in his own way (and he is wise enough to write simply in his own way), one of the most perfect writers living, one of the very few who may yet do something that will become classical?

There are complex attitudes behind this. Immediately, it is part of the aesthetic posturing of the late 1870s in which Stevenson played his part - Henry James's first impression of Stevenson was of an ineffective *poseur* - and it is connected with the desperate search by late Victorian critics for the great writer who could follow the dead and dying giants of the previous decades. Most of all it reflects the fear that an age busily pandering to a mass

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By Julian Symons

DAVID E. SHI:
Matthew Josephson, Bourgeois Bohemian
314pp. Yale University Press. £12.60.
0 300 02563 7

ANDREW SINCLAIR:
Corsair
The Life of J. Pierpont Morgan
269pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.
0 297 77864 1

Certain writers typify in their lives whatever is intellectually fashionable in a particular period. They do so, usually, not through the assertion of a strong personal talent, but by a natural gift for catching the prevailing wind. In his life and opinions Matthew Josephson was the perfect model of the American Progressive Intellectual of the 1920s and 1930s, two decades in which many American writers and artists obeyed the injunction "Make It New", followed when the Depression came by the stern instruction: "Left Turn".

Josephson's background was typical, almost super-typical, for such a figure. His father Julius was a Romanian Jew who came to America in his teens, his mother a Russian Jew from Rostov. Julius became a master printer, and then founded a small bank. Matthew was born in 1899, the eldest son in a respectable and well-to-do Jewish home, went to school in Brooklyn, and asked a fellow schoolboy who was reading a Yiddish paper: "Why don't you get Americanized?" Young Matthew himself was Americanized from an early age as only a second-generation immigrant can be, and developed in high school a liking for literature, which he absorbed in a rapid, fluent, uncommitted way. In 1916 he went from high school to Columbia, where,

as the editor of a poetry magazine of the period wrote, "everybody was cooking up some sort of revolution". Matthew Josephson discovered Amy Lowell and the Imagists, met Kenneth Burke and Malcolm Cowley, looked at Greenwich Village and liked it, moved on from Lowellian free verse to the Imagists. When he went to Paris in 1921, however, Imagism and Parnassianism were replaced by the excitement of Dada. "We have decided to attach ourselves to the Dadaists, of whom thrills may be wrested at the lowest cost", he wrote to his friend Cowley, who like Burke was sceptical about Dada's merits. But action was the thing for Josephson. There should be no reading poems to old ladies in parlours: instead writers would "go forth into the streets to confront the public and strike great blows at its stupid face".

It was by such a going forth that Matthew Josephson made his reputation, not as a writer but as a publicist. First as joint editor with Gorham B. Munson of *Secession* (August 1922 to January 1923), and then of *Broom* which he helped to edit until its demise at the beginning of 1924, he proclaimed the merits first of Dadaism, then of the Machine (after Vorticism and Marinetti), then of American big business. Edith Sitwell said that she would subscribe to *Secession* to watch his career. Josephson praised the machine, "our magnificent slave, our fraternal genius", proclaimed that "our Dadaists and Marco Polos are in the laboratory or at the salesman's desk", and dedicated to Henry Ford a poem that shows him to have been a precursor of E. J. Thrift:

With the brain at the wheel
the eye on the road
and the hand to the left
pleasant be your progress
explorer, producer, stoic,
your fashion.

The heroic period ended when Josephson quarrelled with Munson.

Did Munson call Josephson a "fake artist" as David Shi has it, or an intellectual fakir and literary opportunist, as Munson himself said afterwards? In any case Josephson was insulted, sought revenge, and fought: Munson in a marvellous meadow, "a result was victory for him, Josephson claimed, an inconclusive draw others said, "the worst fight I ever saw" remarked the referee. It was the end of Josephson's career as cheer leader of the literary avant garde, and Edmund Wilson's comment on him in this capacity seems apt: "An ass with practically no observable ability".

Josephson was still only twenty-five, however, and his abilities were revealed when Make It New was replaced by Left Turn. From the time that the Depression struck America, he was one of the most militant Left-wing intellectual propagandists, demanding radical reforms at home, and giving praise to the Soviet Union—praise which became almost ecstatic after he visited the country at the end of 1933. In politics as in literature Josephson was among the most extreme of fellow-travellers, praising the way in which the Bolsheviks Canal was dug by "former thieves, vagabonds, rebellious kulaks, saboteurs" and the conversion of these anti-social elements by what he called their "teachers", who were in fact the GPU.

Mr Shi's comprehensive and well-shaped biography provides the basis for a judgment of Josephson rather than offering a decided view of him, yet the facts he puts down with only occasional comment do reveal a man with extraordinary powers of self-deception. In 1928 Josephson wrote an extremely successful biography of Zola, and thereafter he was never short of money to maintain for the wife he had married at the age of twenty-one and their children, a standard of living which included a New York apartment and a country home in Connecticut.

E. B. White said of the latter that he had "never seen a country house so well situated in the midst of a broad lawn, under towering maples and elms, overlooking a graceful valley and babbling stream". After the success of his book on Zola, Josephson supported this way of life by studies of early American capitalists like *The Robber Barons*, however, (sub-titled "The Great American Capitalists 1861-1901") remains the liveliest account of unscrupulous entrepreneurs like Jay Gould and Jim Fisk. Josephson's knowledge of the business world gave him special qualifications for such a study. (Between Making It New and Turning Left he spent a couple of years on Wall Street as an account representative), and the floridity of these otherwise unacceptable capitalists, their glided places and gigantic art collections, held a strong appeal for him. Nobody fascinated Josephson more than Pierpont Morgan, who through interlock-

While he was roundly condemning the capitalist system as unjust, call-

ing for the socialization of the means of production, joining in strikes and protests. I writing influential histories of American business-politicians, Josephson was himself a best-selling author, world traveler, country squire, and profitable stock speculator.

In his journals Josephson lamented the life he lived, and went on living it. The perfect revolutionary simperton (in Wyndham Lewis's phrase) of the age, he went on believing in Uncle Joe's essential benevolence long after his friends had belatedly become realistic about the nature of the Soviet Union. "Russia is not pure and we never were", he said, as though the double-dealing of many American politicians could be equated with the horrors of Stalin's Russia. He continued utopian, deceived Truman and condemned reformist movements like the ADA, maintained his comfortable way of life with biographies of Edison and Victor Hugo supplemented by well-paid journalism in popular papers, and went on lamenting his own activities in his journals almost until his death in the late 1970s.

What can be said for such a man? Shi makes it clear that Josephson was a charming companion, a persuasive talker, attractive to women. His very intelligent wife Hannah thought him a genius, at least for some years after she married him. Later she observed, explaining his love affairs: "He would willingly be unsteady; he had a passion to be footloose and free of responsibility", while at the same time wanting a home in the Berkshires and an apartment in Greenwich Village. Perhaps Matthew Josephson's greatest achievement was in having his cake and eating it too.

As a biographer (judging from his work on Zola and Stendhal) and social critic, Josephson was fluent and extremely readable, but inclined to substitute high-flown rhetoric for facts. He also, as Mr Shi remarks, identified strongly with his biographical subjects, looking in them for solutions to the problems of his own life, and so giving us Zola-Josephson and Stendhal-Josephson rather than seeing his subjects plain. *The Robber Barons*, however, (sub-titled "The Great American Capitalists 1861-1901") remains the liveliest account of unscrupulous entrepreneurs like Jay Gould and Jim Fisk. Josephson's knowledge of the business world gave him special qualifications for such a study. (Between Making It New and Turning Left he spent a couple of years on Wall Street as an account representative), and the floridity of these otherwise unacceptable capitalists, their glided places and gigantic art collections, held a strong appeal for him. Nobody fascinated Josephson more than Pierpont Morgan, who through interlock-

ing directorates and secret alliances welded "the numerous banks, trusts and insurance companies into whose control he penetrated into a single concentrated financial structure, a solid pyramid at whose apex he sat".

The "biographies" in John Dos Passos's *USA*, which encapsulate the lives of figures ranging from William Jennings Bryan to Thomas Alva Edison, a curious poetic prose, are among the best things in that now-neglected history, and none is more effective than one called "The House of Morgan".

J. Pierpont Morgan was a bull-necked, irascible man with small black magpie's eyes and a growth on his nose; he let his partners work themselves to death over the detailed routine of banking, and set in his back office smoking black cigars; when there was something to be decided he said Yes or No or just turned his back and went back to his solitaire.

Many of his collections are mentioned, the Gallo-Roman bronzes, Merovingian jewels, autographs of the rulers of France and the rest, with the comment:

His collectors bought anything that was expensive or rare or had the glint of empire on it, and he had it brought to him and stared hard at it with his magpie's eyes. Then it was put in a glass case.

Andrew Sinclair's biography of Morgan does not add very much except detail to Dos Passos's impressionistic portrait and Josephson's account of Morgan's manipulations in making his fortune. Mr Sinclair puts down many psychologically important facts, like Morgan's domination by his father, the extraordinary early marriage to a dying woman, the passionate acquisitiveness, the way in which early embarrassment about his huge rotting nose was replaced by an aggressive display of it; but no conclusions are drawn from them, so that the final effect of his book is almost humdrum. Morgan's assurance of his own rectitude, his church-going and hymn-singing, his disregard or contempt for public welfare, his certainty that what was good for the House of Morgan was good for America and Europe too, made him the greatest monster of his age. He may be seen as a psychological case study, a cautionary hypocrisis, or a supreme example of the virtues of nineteenth-century American capitalism, according to taste. To show him as Mr Sinclair does here, as merely a more skillful financial juggler and a more avid collector than the other robber barons of his time, is to reduce his importance. Pierpont Morgan was a figure of great social significance. Sinclair gives us only a top-hatted frock-coated gentleman with a funny nose, who liked singing hymns at the top of his voice and had a weakness for pretty actresses.

Answers to Letters

In the bottom drawer of my desk I come across a letter that first arrived twenty-six years ago. A letter in panic, and it's still breathing when it arrives the second time.

A house has five windows: through four of them the day shines clear and still. The fifth faces a black sky; thunder and storm. I stand at the fifth window. The letter.

Sometimes an abyss opens between Tuesday and Wednesday but twenty-six years may be passed in a moment. Time is not a straight line, it's more of a labyrinth, and if you press close to the wall at the right place you can hear the hurrying steps and voices, you can hear yourself walking past there on the other side.

Was the letter ever answered? I don't remember, it was long ago. The countless thresholds of the sea went on migrating. The heart went on leaping from second to second like the lead in the wet grass of an August night.

The unanswered letters pile high up, like cirro-stratus clouds pressing bad weather. They make the sunbeams invisible. One day I will answer. One day when I am dead and can at last concentrate. Or at least so far away from here that I can find myself again. When I'm walking, newly arrived, in the big city, on 125th Street, in the wind on the street of dancing garbage. I who love to stray off and vanish in the crowd, a capital T in the mass of the endless text.

Tomas Tranströmer
Translated from the Swedish by
Robin Fulton

Wizards in white coats

By J. F. Watkins

IAN KENNEDY:
The Unmasking of Medicine
189pp. Allen and Unwin. £8.95.
0 04 610016 4

Most doctors who have heard of Ian Kennedy criticize him on the grounds that a mere layman could not possibly discuss intelligently the place of Medicine in Society. This is foolish and unfair criticism. Mr Kennedy is, after all, a lawyer, and lawyers are famous for their ability to master in a few days any subject under the sun, and to deliver immediately, in flawless, limpid prose, their incisive and accurate judgment upon it. Kennedy, I am sure, would, as an honest man, concerned only with the pursuit of truth, raise no objection if a Reader in Medicine in some medical school or other gave him the Red Lectures and then wrote a book supporting to unmask, or dewig the legal profession. He would reasonably expect the dewigger to have understood some of the fundamental ideas of Law before ascending the rostrum.

Kennedy has quickly perceived that Medicine is concerned, above all, with illness, and he loses no time in grappling with the concept: "To analyse the word 'illness' is to explore the role of the doctor in modern medicine". It is a pity, therefore, that his analysis is completely wrong, not to say foolish. The patient enters the consulting-room and says, "I am ill". Kennedy would reply, "Illness is an indeterminate concept, the product of social, political and moral values, which, as we have seen, fluctuate". The patient persists. Kennedy replies, "Being ill is not a state, it is a status, to be granted or withheld by those who have the power to do so". The discussion would continue until the patient realized that he had entered the wrong room.

The doctor, on the other hand, would examine the patient and try to make a diagnosis, that is, a hypothesis concerning the physical cause of the patient's subjective condition. If successful, he would say, "I am sorry, but I can't find a physical cause for your illness". He could, and would, never say "You are not ill", for illness, as all doctors know, is a subjective state. If someone declares that he is ill, or in pain, he is ill or in pain, and no power can convince him otherwise. The mistake is, therefore, because Kennedy's main thesis is that the medical profession has acquired uncontrolled power through its monopoly of the right to grant, or withhold, the status of illness, and it is the duty of society to curb that power.

Kennedy dislikes scientific medicine. In a striking mixed metaphor a medical school becomes "a hermetic, sealed cocoon of a world, in which are counters with which the game of life is played". What is taught is "inwardly and self-consciously scientific". As a result the doctor has a "self-image of himself as the scientific problem-solver". This produces a "specialty which creates problems" and the more efficiently doctors look for problems the more they find them.

At the Canal

For Dawn
Someone's red vest blossoms
sprightly from the willow.
A family of ducks attempts suicide,
dropping off the lockgate, one by one.
Rightening, they muse up their lapsels
unwilling to own up anything has happened.
Survival means a fresh look at the world;
regrouping, myopically.
They inspect the glossy surface.
Like picture restorers, with their mouths open,
and, dipping their flat heads, expose themselves.
A plover marseodes the newer
Incomprehensible and tough, like love,
and going on and on, as if for ever.

Fred Sedgwick

What on earth does this mean? Medicine is committed to "reductionism" to the identification of a "diseased part" in which the "totality of a complex human being... is broken down". So it is not scientific after all. Then, modern medicine teaches that the "appropriate response... to our complaint is to do something". Scandalous notion! Oh, but doctors are not "pseudo-scientific wizards". Further, "medical students are trained in hospitals" (of all places!) because hospitals "are where all the interesting problems are", and hospital doctors see themselves as an "élite", or even as a "super-élite", who find the company of "biochemists and geneticists" more stimulating than that of "social workers and chiropodists" (a quotation from the late Professor Henry Miller and reminiscent of Canon Raven's famous remark: "I can think of no finer companion with whom to dwell in eternity than a working-class moth-collector"). Why, they may even end up like Albert Schweitzer, a "ludicrous figure" who should have been putting pressure on the French government instead of "trying to patch up broken lives". Kennedy quotes medicine's very own Thomas McKewon, who complained ("balefully") that scientific medicine "encouraged the notion that the teaching of skills and techniques... was proper preparation for later medical practice". The true function of the medical school should be to produce "someone who can care", who has been trained in the humanities and has acquired a thorough grounding in "ethical analysis". All these years, then, we have been in error. Our medical attendants should have been recruited from students of Literae Humaniores or Law.

How could such a disastrous, shameful state of affairs have come into existence? Here is Kennedy's version of the history of medicine: "Not much more than 100 years ago, those whom we now call doctors competed with many others in the market place of the healing arts". Gradually, "scientific medicine" prevailed. From this "position of consolidated power" other methods of treating people (presumably he means witchcraft, flogging of mental patients, faith healing, and so on) were "denigrated and ostracised as quackery". Furthermore, "one of the most interesting social and political conflicts of the next decade will be the challenge to this view". It does not seem to have occurred to Kennedy in his role of historian, that "scientific medicine" prevailed because it was, or had the promise of being, more effective than magic, or sorcery, in alleviating human ills. But Kennedy doubts its effectiveness: "We have been led to a constant disappointment. The promised or expected cures are not there". His ignorance of the nature of medicine therefore includes in its all-embracing confidence the mistaken idea that medicine promises cures, if by "cure" he means a restoration of the body to the state it was in before the development of disease. Certain microbial diseases are the only ones

that can be cured in this sense. Medicine does not cure diabetes, it provides replacement therapy, an imperfect stragem the alternative to which is death. Curiously enough, cancer is one of the few diseases which, in theory, could be cured in the rigorous sense of the word, given very early diagnosis and effective chemotherapy, both of which will certainly be attained within the next hundred years unless thinkers like Kennedy manage to bring all medical research to an end.

He does not understand the nature of scientific research in general and of medical research in particular: "Far greater emphasis should be placed on inquiry into the causes and origins of illness, with a view to preventing them". That is precisely what everyone engaged in medical research has been doing for some three hundred years, to such an extent, indeed, that Lord Rothschild, in some committee or other, recommended a change of emphasis towards more strictly practical, applied research. Apart, once again, from microbial diseases, we still know almost nothing about the causes of any of the diseases which fill our hospitals, except that they are complex. Even in microbial diseases we know that the microbe is the necessary cause but are largely ignorant of the sufficient cause.

In Kennedy's view, medical research is preoccupied with new forms of treatment, an approach to medicine encouraged by the diabolical pharmaceutical industry. He sees grave dangers here: "New techniques, new medicine, new procedures have been adopted into medical practice before we have had any opportunity to subject them to... measured consideration". "We" means the rest of society, the "consumers", who should raise their voices before a particular "Pandora's box" is opened. The trouble with this view is that no one can know that a particular box is Pandora's before opening it. Kennedy's committee of laymen-consumers (journalists? trade

union bosses? lawyers?), before which "those claiming expertise" will, of course, be invited to appear, will, in some Tolstoyan way, with the necessary wisdom. The dedicated obscurantist does not see that the choice for human beings is to open all boxes or none.

It may well be that all the boxes belong to Pandora. Sailing ships brought colonialism, piracy, and pandemics; the internal combustion engine brought traffic accidents; powered flight brought air-raids; antibiotics brought the population explosion; nuclear physics brought the hydrogen bomb; and wireless communication brought us these Red Lectures. Human curiosity cannot be partially restrained, it must have all or nothing. The possible evil consequences of scientific research can never be predicted with certainty, they must be dealt with if and when they arise. This is a disagreeable state of affairs, but it is a condition of life totally unacceptable to those who wish they were living in Paradise. Thinkers of this kind solve problems by denying that they exist.

Thomas Szasz, for instance, whom Kennedy quotes with qualified approval, believes that mental illness is a myth, a mechanism for dealing with social misfits. The problem in defining mental illness is that the sick person is often incapable of seeking help. It is not easy to convince someone in the frenzy of an acute manic episode that he is ill, or even, in the absence of subjective judgment, to be sure what the term "ill" really means in this context. What is certain is that the relatives, or other members of society, alarmed and distressed by the actions and words of the patient, turn in desperation to certain individuals ("experts") who have spent years in studying these forms of behaviour, in the hope that something can be done. Society creates psychiatrists out of need; psychiatrists do not create psychiatric problems.

This is not Kennedy's opinion, however. He believes that it is "eminently arguable that the experts and categorisers came first, the people to fill the categories later, just as the buildings to house them came first". Is he really saying that mental disorders did not exist before psychiatrists and Bedlams? If the people who were categorized did not exist first how were the categories (which are, in psychiatry, in any case provisional) ever formed? Kennedy's strange notions about the development of society determine all his thinking. "We have chosen to allow the coming into being of a group of people who claim an expertise in mental health." Of course they do, just as plumbers claim an expertise in plumbing. The possibility that society and social interactions generate experts because of the exist-

ence of problems is abhorrent to him. He must have his conspiratorial theory that wicked men have combined to impose their wills on the rest of us.

Of course society cannot exist without experts, inefficient though they may sometimes be. Kennedy himself wishes to be considered an expert on Medicine and the Law, and I dare say that his fellow-experts think well of him. His particular group of experts claim a transcendental expertise in the organization of society, whether the rest of us want it or not. He would solve the problem of mental disorders by replacing psychiatrists and mental hospitals with "social agencies, offering help and support... a wonderful example of the latter" is the Samaritans". The foisted and baffled experts would then gnash their teeth in the echoing halls of their own mental institutions. The assiduous cultivation of total ignorance of the subject would presumably have to be a condition of employment in these agencies, otherwise the employees might become experts who would be tempted to categorize.

What then, must we do? The answer is simple. Away with all so-called experts, who are tools of the industrial autocracy! All power to the people, who will be guided by the Centre of Law, Medicine and Ethics at King's College, London. Preventive Medicine will replace hospitals, those monuments to the science, elitism, self-importance and greed of the medical profession. "We must redirect our energies and resources towards identifying, and then preventing, the factors which bring about the ill I have described". Of course we must. The snag is that it will take several hundred years. What is to happen in the meantime to those who become ill? This is not a problem to Kennedy. "It may mean that the interests of a particular patient must properly be weighed against the larger interests of the community and that in appropriate cases the doctor should put the community first. This is the stuff of ethical analysis." Indeed it is. The fact is that the doctor must never, under any circumstances, put the community's interests above those of his patient in his management of disease, because even experts cannot always define the larger interests of the community.

Let me follow Kennedy's method and give a hypothetical example (all his examples are hypothetical). If a pop-singer has appendicitis it is the doctor's duty to remove his appendix and humbly pocket his fee. He has no decision to make concerning the social worth of the individual he is treating. If a lawyer passed that pop-singer should not have appendicectomy then doctors should fight against that law. A doctor is trained to respond, to

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Edward O. Wilson

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the best of his ability, to the needs of the individual patient who stands before him. He must use his expertise to give the patient the benefit of all the methods which science as a whole may have put in his hands. If society, through its legislators, decides that there is insufficient money to pay for, say, enough renal dialysis units, that is society's decision. The doctor must do the best he can within those constraints. It is likely that a piece of equipment, costing a million pounds, could help to alleviate the lot of only one patient every ten years, the doctor fails in his duty if he does not exert himself to get that equipment. He may not succeed, but the decision and the responsibility will be society's, not his. That is why hospitals exist, and why they are expensive. They do not exist for the self-aggrandizement of doctors, as Kennedy suggests.

Perhaps we have here the key to his dislike and distrust of doctors, who have been trained, more or less successfully, to put the individual above the collective on all occasions. Of course there are pompous, greedy, wicked, and incompetent doctors, but all of them have been programmed to put the individual first. Even those involved in preventive medicine will claim that their activities ultimately benefit individuals. Preventive medicine is Kennedy's answer to the social problems of disease. If we had to re-design medicine "most of us... would opt for a design which concerned itself far, far more with the pursuit and preservation of health". The existing form of medicine simply "waits to pick up the broken pieces", that is, treats sick people. Broken pieces are not all that important - more detritus to be swept aside by the inexorable progress of *Kraft durch Freude*.

Of course the pursuit and preservation of health are desirable activities, but they have nothing directly to do with medicine. Capital punishment for those selling or consuming cigarettes and alcohol, compulsory jogging or tiddling for all age-groups, abolition of industrial work, heavy penalties for environmental pollution, all these measures would increase the health of the community without occupying the time of a single doctor. Preventive medicine itself originates from the observations of those who are consulted by sick people. It starts with the sick individual and scientific research into the causes and cures of his illness. From their close study of the "broken pieces" doctors advise the legislators on the best methods of prevention. Those medical practitioners who call themselves experts in

Preventive Medicine are simply administrators instructed by their clinical and scientific colleagues, without whom they neither know what to prevent nor how to prevent it. But "Preventive Medicine" sounds like a good idea to the politician and the social engineer because a few posters are much cheaper than a new operating theatre.

Medicine is far from perfect. The pursuit of the best methods of diagnosis and treatment has produced many problems, both ethical and economic, and Kennedy uses them all as bludgeons against his chosen enemy. There is some dishonesty in the impression he manages to give that these problems were not seriously discussed (and even partly solved) before he flattered on to the stage. He objects to the fact that medical advice was paramount in the discussions. For doctors must (has he not proved it?) be prejudiced and self-seeking. The *BMJ's Handbook of Medical Ethics* is described without any supporting evidence, as "inept". It was written by a committee of doctors (or was it?), so it must be inept. The British Medical Association described Community Health Councils as "unhelpful and disruptive". How typical of doctors! "The attitude of doctors is one of 'Hands off. We doctors know what is best. Leave it to us'". The faint possibility that Community Health Councils may indeed be unhelpful and disruptive is not entertained. The Councils are composed of "ordinary people", who must be right, because they are the voice of the collective, inspired by folk-wisdom.

In itself this book is muddled and pedestrian. Kennedy's list of the ethical, legal, social, and political problems surrounding the practice of Medicine is not original - it is part of the stock-in-trade of every medical journalist and the cause of much anxiety and debate within the medical profession and outside it. His prescriptions are absurd and impractical, partly because his attitudes are those of the 1960s, that most foolish of periods, when expertise and rationality were seen as aspects of a detested authority. The real problems that beset us cannot be solved by the intoxicating anarchism of "l'esprit de soixante-huit". Unfortunately the public will assume that an invitation to deliver the Reith Lectures is a guarantee of respectability and importance - we may disagree with the lecturer's views, but they deserve to be heard. Surely the BBC would not allow the Reith Lectures to be devoted to trivia? On the contrary. An institution which runs a television comedy series about the SS is capable of anything.

Information please

"Information please" is a service which is available free of charge. Those wishing to use it are asked to follow as closely as possible the form in which items are presented here, and to mark envelopes "Information please".

Margaret Lonsdale (1847-72), granddaughter of Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield and author of *Sister Dora* (1880); whereabouts of any papers or letters, particularly with reference to the Guy's Hospital nursing controversy of 1880 and other nursing issues.

Judith Moore, 70-76 Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, London W9 2QS.

Patricia N. Perl or her daughter, formerly of 110 Jubilee Place, Chelsea (c. 1925), who befriended the Russian journalist Michel Lytkardopoulos (1881-1925); information as to their whereabouts, for a biographical article on Lytkardopoulos.

Richard Davies, Department of Russian Studies, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT.

Hester Lynch Piazzi: the editors of the correspondence of Mrs Piazzi are eager to locate letters to her from Dr W. M. Thackeray (great-uncle of the novelist). One block of about ninety letters, owned by the late Albert Ashforth, New York City, was reported sold in 1956 to an unidentified purchaser and has not been seen since. Appropriate acknowledgment and/or payment will be made for authority to publish or reproduce.

Edwina A. Bloom, 11111 N. 18th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85021.

Solomon Tshiekisho Plaatje (1876-1932), South African journalist, politician, writer; I would greatly appreciate hearing from anybody with information about any unpublished letters, newspaper articles or personal recollections, especially on the years Plaatje spent in Britain and North America between 1914 and 1923; for a biography.

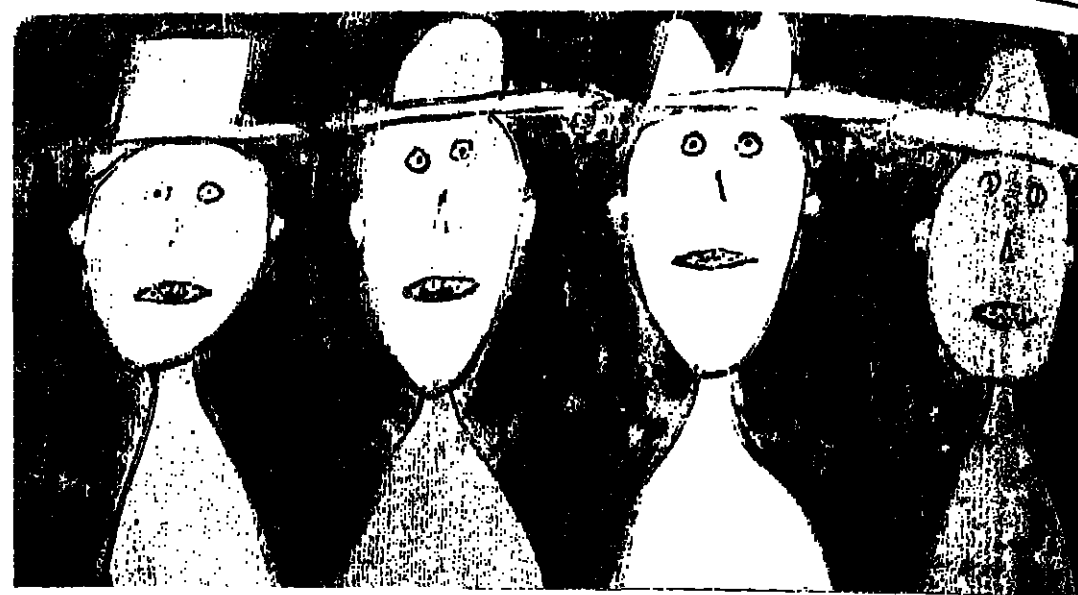
Brian Wilan, 6 Lancaster Road, London N4 4PP.

Reverend Richard Smith (1757-1838), MA Oxon; Chaplain to Duke of Devonshire, Rector of Staveley, Derbyshire; any information, especially regarding present whereabouts of his Diary.

Duncan Spott, St Romans, Hawkhurst, Kent.

Matthew Vassar (1792-1868), Norfolk-born founder of Vassar College in the state of New York; whose fortune was made in the USA from brewing and who maintained sporadic links with Britain which he revisited in 1845. Location of manuscript and pictorial material, biographical information, especially that which relates to his early life in England and later contacts with the country and country of his birth.

Robyn Lucas, The Library, University of East Anglia, Norwich, Norfolk NR4 7J3.



These Dubuffet bottle-shaped figures, "Quatre Personnages" (oil on canvas, 1944), more distinguishable by their less than by their primitively-painted features, are included in an exhibition of "Important 19th and 20th Century Works of Art" at the Leffevre Gallery, 30 Bruton St, London W1 from June 4-July 11.

The resilient rich

By Kenneth O. Morgan

W.D. RUBINSTEIN:
Men of Property
The Very Wealthy in Britain Since the Industrial Revolution
261pp. Croom Helm. £12.50.
0 85664 674 1

"Liberty produces wealth and wealth destroys liberty", exclaimed the Illinois Populist-socialist, Henry Demarest Lloyd, in 1894. His famous tract for the times he entitled, significantly, *Wealth against Commonwealth*. Then and later, much-raking onslaughts on the corrupt and sinister activities of the American wealthy, from Ida Tarbell's exposé of Standard Oil downwards, were a staple of American radical rhetoric. Since monopoly was the target and trusts provided the demagogues, Populist-Progressive attacks on the very rich were a natural outgrowth of a native political tradition from Jefferson and Jackson onwards. Equality, American academics soon turned to a precise dissection of the structure, origins and characteristics of the wealthy in their own capitalist society. This was a primary objective for Ely, Seligman and the other young German-trained economists who formed the American Economic Association in 1885. Later, Cochrane and Miller pioneered America's business elite pioneered a flourishing genre.

The wealthy in Britain, however, like much else in our society, have survived remarkably unscathed from detailed analysis. Except for a rare work like Leo Chiozza Money's *Riches and Poverty* (1905), which focused upon "the error of distribution", Liberalists directed their fire at more traditional forms of privilege. Socialists, from Keir Hardie to Aneurin Bevan, concentrated upon a system rather than a class. It was the structure of capitalism rather than the operations of the individuals which composed it that engaged their attention. Bevan's writings poured scorn on the rationale for private spending and saving, but ignored their individual practitioners. More sober academic analysis of the evolution of the wealthy in Britain over the past 150 years has also been lacking, apart from concise discussions of the fortunes (more specifically, the indebtedness) of wealthy landowners conducted by R. M. L. Thompson, David Cannadine and other pioneers. This engaging new monograph, *Men of Property*, by a scholar resident in Australia, launches rather than concludes further inquiry. Given its relatively brief compass, it cannot do much more than define the questions at issue. Still, in a survey of remarkable learning and ingenuity, and of high entertainment value, Dr Rubinstein has given us an excellent framework of reference, thematic rather than chronological in method, on which future socio-economic studies will surely rely.

Death gave life to Rubinstein's study. His major source has been the private material deposited in Somerset House, the Public Record Office

and elsewhere. Probate calendars in particular provided essential raw material. With the help of other sources - the flawed archives of the Inland Revenue, statistics of inhabited house duty down to 1926, and parliamentary and other returns - he has provided an overview of the wealthy in Britain in the century and a half since industrialization that is remarkably precise and detailed. The general conclusions may be briefly summarized. The persistence of a quite extraordinary inequality in the ownership of wealth in Britain from the 1830s down to the 1940s is underlined beyond dispute. Even in the inter-war years, four millionaires alone accounted for nearly two per cent of all the wealth held in the country, and thirty half-millionaires for a further four per cent. Conversely, two-thirds of the adult population owned nothing at all. If those with large fortunes derived from land declined steadily in number from the 1890s, the broad proportions of wealth-holding did not change substantially. Incomes of over £100,000 which numbered 166 in 1928-9, totalled 200 in 1965-6, a remarkable statistic even when inflation is taken into full account.

While the predominance of landed wealth in all its forms until the last decades of the nineteenth century was predictable enough, the author's most clearly defined conclusion is the growing preponderance of wealth drawn from commerce and finance, rather than from manufacturing or industry. Side by side with more familiar groups such as colliery owners (10 millionaires) and 41 half-millionaires between 1809 and 1939), chemical manufacturers of the Mond-Brunner type, textile and brewing magnates, Rubinstein lays due emphasis on representative financial and commercial categories such as merchant bankers and shipowners. Jews and Scotsmen respectively were prominent in the last two groups. Cocoa, cigarettes and biscuits are not neglected; a more recent generation might add Marmite as well. There are a few very wealthy sculptors, the occasional affluent sculptor or dramatist, but, not surprisingly, no very wealthy dons.

Under close scrutiny, a variety of stereotypes, whether those of Marx, Weber or Galsworthy, tend to dissolve. Very few of the wealthy during the period surveyed were self-made men. The vast majority came from backgrounds of considerable affluence; social mobility was relatively modest; and British Horatio Algiers were rare indeed. Again, the preponderance of the wealthy elite were Anglicans by religion - the dissenting self-made entrepreneur was the exception rather than the rule. Politically, the majority were always Conservative rather than Liberal or Whig, for all the stereotypical interpretations of free-trade radicalism; this applied not just from the political storms of the 1840s as would be expected, but throughout the century, especially in banking and finance. Unlike their American counterparts, British wealthy businessmen were modest in their ambitions and specific in their enterprises; the latter were usually family concerns. A British Peppercorn Morgan, with ramifications

extending into railroads, steel and much else besides, would be hard to detect.

If landowners became less and less numerous among the ranks of the really wealthy, landed and other forms of wealth remained closely intertwined, especially when land was associated with urban property as with the Westminster or Bedford estates, with mineral deposits as with the Welsh Bute. The beleaguered Duke of Bedford was able to head a £5.8 million to his heirs in 1911. Finally, despite the supposed anarchy and egalitarianism of the Labour era in the 1930s and after the Second World War, fiscal levies did not take wealth from all sources rendered modest. No wealth tax of any significance was introduced - nor yet a new form of money-making, notably property speculation, household wealth, as a glance at Sir Harold Wilson's farewell honours list will confirm. On the whole, Rubinstein's evidence tends to illustrate that, while British society changed almost beyond recognition between the 1830s and the 1970s, and the economic fabric gradually disintegrated, and probably the size of large fortunes, and probably the chance of making them, was a permanent feature of the period.

Conclusions from this kind of work, heavily tabular and statistical, are easy to draw. Probate material and data from inheritance are unrefined in many ways. The thematic method adopted makes it rather difficult to assess the impact of specific individuals such as the agricultural depression of the 1880s, the impact of taxes imposed by Harcourt, Lloyd George and his successors, and the catalytic effect of two world wars. Important areas of inquiry, for instance the failure to re-orient British higher education to "business opportunities, and the prestige attached throughout to professional activity or administrative roles rather than to direct wealth-creation, are not included here. Two judgments, perhaps, may be appropriate. One is how little the evidence presented here fits into a conventional Marxist framework. Political or social power remained quite distinct from the accumulation of wealth or the maintenance of a social base. Hardly any of the wealthy were (or the very few women) concerned with narrow confines of their own interests. Apart from a few newspaper magnates of the Northcliffe-Beaverbrook type, who were ambitious in their careers, ultimately ineffective, hardly any sought it. An episode like the 1905 Oeddis Committee of economists' productive in terms of the country's accruing to the wealthy. The conclusion is how the rich have prospered, space invaders invading to fill the social vacuum appearing in 1905. Chiozza Money's lesson was that the nation's wealth was not owned half the nation's wealth in the world war and three million things seem remarkably like different now. Truly, to end with Dr Rubinstein's melancholy introduction, the rich are always with us.

Just a soupçon of Paris

By Graham Hough

DAVID LODGE:
Working with Structuralism
Essays and reviews on nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature
207pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £10.95.
0 7100 0638 6

The critical work of David Lodge has a character of its own. He has cut out a definite job for himself - the application of modern critical ideas to modern Anglo-American literature. This does not sound distinctive, but it is not so often done. It is more usually thought expedient that modern literature should be explained in reassuringly traditional terms, and that new criticism should prove itself by jumping through the old hoops. But Lodge, whose own fiction, barring a few incidental flourishes, is quite traditional, has developed in his miscellaneous writing an almost Californian passion for experiment. In the last essay in the present book a character from Marin County turns up, who in the last few years has tried out "Gurdjieff, Silva Mind-Control, actualism, analytical tracking, parapsychology, postural integration, the Fischer-Hoffmann process, hatha yoga, integral massage, oryngomy, Neo-Reichian Body-Work and Feldenkrais functional integration". Lodge detects in himself a "tongue of envy for this life-style". His critical forays have not been quite so extensive, but from *Language of Fiction* in 1966 he has shown himself acutely aware of the current winds of postmodernism. In the 1970s these blew mostly from France, and in *Modes of Modern Writing* (1977) he made a sustained attempt to define the nature of modern and postmodern writing, giving admirably lucid expositions of some of the more manageable bits of current linguistic and semiotic thinking, as far as they concerned literature. From the title of his latest book it would appear that he has decided to come out, and is now ready to practise structuralism in the open streets.

Actually the title is something of a misnomer, as that of *Language of Fiction* was fifteen years ago. That book began with a fifty-page argument about the novel seen as a linguistic structure and the changed approach that this required; and then went on to talk about a number of individual novels in very much the old way. Similarly *Working with Structuralism* opens with a seventy-page section on postmodernism, Anti-Modernism, Post-Modernism, and their amenability to structural analysis; but after that come a number of essays - some on novels, including three excellent ones on Hardy, some on other topics - that have little or no discernible connection with structuralism or semiology and need hardly cause an accelerated heart-beat in a reader coming straight from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. The fact is that there is a perfectly healthy critic of an older school, with acute perceptions and generous judgment, living on beneath David Lodge's structuralist vestments. Somewhere in *Problèmes de la nouvelle romanesque*, I recall, Ricardou casts a cold eye on the idea of realism in fiction; and as a final annihilating argument dismisses the views of social and political questions had become more acute during his activity at the Foyer Franco-Belge during the First World War, but now, for a time at least, his involvement took on a more positive, and more committed aspect. Of this, however, these letters afford only fleeting glimpses: in 1925 he describes the Congo and the colonial exploitation of the natives; in 1935 there are several references to the ominous storm clouds, political meetings and Gide's abortive (and subsequently successful) arrangements for visiting Russia.

At the end of the first volume Gide was elected to the Royal Society of Literature - now his Fellowship is withdrawn, and the letter from the Society is printed here as it was forwarded to Dorothy Bussy by Gide with his amused remark on the committee's possible motives. Also during this period the deaths of Jane Austen and George Bernard Shaw, and Harrison, Lytton Strachey and Car-

ington, Roger Fry, and Eugene Dabit are recorded, casting a shadow more particularly over the life of Dorothy.

By Patrick Pollard

ANDRÉ GIDE/DOROTHY BUSSY:
Correspondence
Tome 2, Janvier 1925-Novembre 1936
Edited by Jean Lambert and Richard Tedeschi
650pp. Paris: Gallimard.

This second volume of the correspondence between André Gide and Dorothy Bussy covers the period from Gide's departure for the USSR in 1925 to his return from the USSR in 1936 when, as the editor points out, he felt that his creative drive was diminishing. His awareness of social and political questions had become more acute during his activity at the Foyer Franco-Belge during the First World War, but now, for a time at least, his involvement took on a more positive, and more committed aspect. Of this, however, these letters afford only fleeting glimpses: in 1925 he describes the Congo and the colonial exploitation of the natives; in 1935 there are several references to the ominous storm clouds, political meetings and Gide's abortive (and subsequently successful) arrangements for visiting Russia.

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ington, Roger Fry, and Eugene Dabit are recorded, casting a shadow more particularly over the life of Dorothy.

approach of the craftsman rather than of the doctrinaire. All the same he has his doctrinaire passages, and there are two of these that should be looked at more closely. The first is the dogma that the linguistic sign is arbitrary, that there is no link of analogy or resemblance between the acoustic image and the concept to which it is attached. This is not true, in the unqualified way in which Lodge (and Saussure) present it. It was attacked by Benveniste as early as 1939, and more forcibly from another point of view by Jakobson himself in 1965. Lodge knows this, or some of it, quite well, for he quotes the relevant passage from Jakobson in *The Modes of Modern Writing*. Large areas of the linguistic sign-system are clearly motivated: besides the relatively restricted field of imitative and expressive words there are more general features. Plurals commonly add something to singulars; comparatives and superlatives contain more phenomena than the simple base. I should say myself (with the support of Mallarmé) that a large part of the endeavour of poetic language is precisely to overcome the arbitrary, to give every signifier an intrinsic, not merely a conventional relation to its signified. But Lodge hangs on to this battered dogma not because it is true (the last thing any real structuralist would dream of bothering about) but because he can use it, by a breathtaking conflation of non-sequiturs (see pp 4 and 5), to support the idea that art cannot be mimetic, that its discourse has no relation to any state of affairs in the outer world.

Jakobson's distinction between the metaphorical and the metonymic axes of language is put to more profitable use. The terminology is unfortunate: "metaphoric" is all right, and is more or less self-explanatory - the axis of analogy, resemblance, transferred to literature, the realm of allegory, symbolism, archetype. What Jakobson obscures and misleadingly calls the "metonymic" actually means the sequential - the axis of language along which a sentence is constructed, a story is told, an object described, or an argument carried on. And since these confusing terms have been an irritation for years I shall restrict them as analogies and sequential. Jakobson uses this dichotomy to two types of aphasia, in one of which names are lost, in the other connections; and he

gives it a very wide extension. As Lodge employs it, it becomes virtually the distinction between allegorical-symbolic writing on the one hand and realistic narrative on the other. He uses this historically, and identifies the fundamental development of modernist literature in a move away from the sequential-realistic towards the analogical-symbolic, exemplified in the break-up of expected logic and expected narrative that we find in *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses*.

But in the modern world revolutions are only too rapidly successful. Modernist techniques soon become accepted, become familiar, become boring. So they produce a reaction. Hence the rise of a fairly conscious anti-modernism in the next generation: Graham Greene, Waugh, Auden and his followers, the enhanced reputations of Robert Graves and Hardy. In the doldrums during the modernist triumph. This in its turn wears out and a new modernism comes back. Lodge detects a regular alternation here; and since if Jakobson is right the sequential and the analogical are the only two possibilities that language offers, the alternation is a fated one and will appear repeatedly. These are not the kind of propositions that can easily be pronounced true or false, but in Lodge's hands they produce a lively and illuminating way of surveying the modern movement.

Although it stands on its own as confessedly a collection of essays and reviews, *Working with Structuralism* is also a sequel to *The Modes of Modern Writing*. Together they form a chronicle and analyses of how an English writer - novelist, critic and academician - with no very strong continental affiliations, has adopted and absorbed an alien outlook. The fact that these books are miscellaneous and unplanned is in its way a merit. It means that the schemes and doctrines buzzing about in David Lodge's head are seen at work on the material of his ordinary literary life, applied to the books that people actually read and talk about rather than to some tendentiously selected canon. A quick drive brings up Murriel Samuels, William Burroughs, and Thomas Hardy, to show the wideness of the range. He is out to show that the new tools can perform ordinary household tasks, that the spanners can be adjusted to the nuts we really want to

The bounds of friendship

By Patrick Pollard

ANDRÉ GIDE/DOROTHY BUSSY:
Correspondence
Tome 2, Janvier 1925-Novembre 1936
Edited by Jean Lambert and Richard Tedeschi
650pp. Paris: Gallimard.

As in the first volume, one of the chief interests is the revelation of the nature of a curious friendship. On one level Gide was an helpful and considerate friend; on the other, as he made over money matters, for exhibitions of Simon Bussy's paintings, for finding buyers for the Bussy's house when she contemplated having to leave it during the slump - these all bear witness to a caring attachment. But on the level of affection it appears ever more clearly that Dorothy experienced a love which could not be fulfilled, and which, undoubtedly, continued at times to irritate its recipient. She was less to Gide's mind the same attraction as he felt for his wife Madeleine; hence, she reasoned, his inability to respond to it, for that would have entailed a profound infidelity. From the evidence, one is sadly inclined to discount her idea. In these letters, however, Gide does at one point commit himself to an expression of deep friendship (which he carefully distinguishes from love) for her, and reacts with characteristic evasiveness when reproached by his correspondent.

In such a position Dorothy Bussy was quick to sense she had been slighted; but she was not alone in noticing Gide's tendency to "compartmentalize" his friendships and to write as if few other people had such an intimate claim to his attention. Thus nearly all the numerous English

authors read by Gide and mentioned here seem to stem from her suggestions or her interests. For example, Gide talks to her of Lamb, Dryden, Jane Eyre and *Moby Dick*. One would like to know how long it took him to read this aloud to his wife), and D. H. Lawrence, whose *The Virgin and the Gypsy* he found particularly irritating. It was Strachey whom he recommended him to read Malinowski.

There are two particularly interesting exchanges of opinion. On reading *Charlotte*, Gide judges that "Independently of its literary and psychological merits the work moved me more deeply than any other work of imaginative fiction I have read." Making allowances for the characteristically polite French hyperbole, the interpretation of a *Lovelace* of tragic grandeur in spite of (or because of) his material triumph, is quite acute. Dorothy Bussy agrees with him: "Lovelace is worthy of Clarissa, as Antony is of Cleopatra." Later, when she sends him a collection of Henry James's prefaces, Gide comments on the ones to which she has drawn his attention and which he did not already know. In fact she was well aware of the similarity between the two writers in the matter of reflecting on the role of the author and the process of composition; had not Gide also written his *Journal des Femmes*, she remarks. She herself offers adverse judgments on *La Condition humaine*, on Fry's translations of Mallarmé, and on Mauriac (Cocquerel is preferable, she asserts). Is this ironic? Or can she have been ignorant of Gide's antipathy to Cocquerel?

unscrow. This is a good move. Structuralist ideas, however universal their claims, were not well designed for export. It is not easy to convince an English audience that modern literature was caused by the failure of the 1848 revolution, or that a couple of articles in *Tel Quel* have changed the direction of modern culture. By now most of these balloons have quietly deflated themselves; but Lodge has performed a service by removing the critical discussion to another field and showing that it can still live on there.

What is the future for structuralist criticism on the Anglophone stage? Here we must distinguish. In America the whole thing has been taken over and put on a business footing by the academic establishment. Deconstruction is one of the few flourishing branches of American heavy industry. Lodge is not competing in this world. He still looks to a literate but not necessarily a technically trained audience, and he would hope to be heard beyond the graduate seminar. Though allured by siren voices, he is not at all like a structuralist himself. He does not deal in vast generalizations without any concrete examples; he is eager to get down to the particular case. He does not play the game of mutual snip and tickle, quoting his chums as authorities so that they may quote him back as an authority for their authority. Indeed he seems unaware of the extent to which structuralist ideas in this country have already formed a party programme. He gives the impression of being able to screw himself up to a structuralist stance, and to enjoy it for a time; but after a bit he begins to relax and slip back into the old ways, to talk about novels as if it were a representation of a particular social world, its characters as if they were acting and suffering human beings. And that I think points to the inherent limitation of structuralist criticism. It is strenuous, it is active, it does much of what the old Anglo-American New Criticism did and puts it on a far firmer intellectual foundation. But it is fatally remote from the way in which literature is ordinarily discussed. It is useless as an educational foundation for young students with no stock of reading or literary experience behind them. It remains among the dogmatisms of learning. And even esoteric criticism depends for its survival on the ability to take its place in the ordinary conversation of mankind.

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commentary

Out of the ashes

By Gavin Stamp

London's Architecture and the London Fire Brigade, 1866-1938
Heinz Gallery, 21 Portman Square, W1

There is no architecture without fire; the two are intimately linked in a variety of ways. Without an accident in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, Wren would never have been presented with his greatest opportunity, and the Gothic Revival received a vital impetus owing to the conflagration which allowed Barry and Pugin to build the new Palace of Westminster. Then there were the building acts, designed primarily to minimize the danger of fire, which have had a profound effect on the appearance of buildings. The 1774 Act prescribed that feature which distinguishes the chronology of Georgian street architecture: recessing external woodwork like window frames rather than having them flush with the wall plane. The same anxiety about the spreading of fire produced a characteristic eccentricity of the London roofscape: party walls rising above the roof line. More recently, fire doors and fire escapes have had a disastrous visual effect on historic buildings.

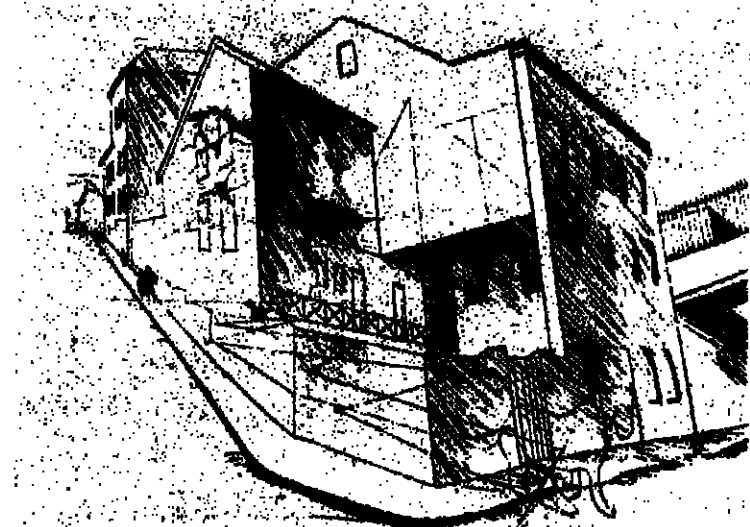
The effect of fire regulations has often been neglected by architectural historians. The generally reticent use of cast-iron in London in the early nineteenth century, compared with Glasgow or the United States, was simply due to the vulnerability of the material in fires and the requirement that it be faced in masonry. Captain Bradwood, the commander of the London Fire Engine Establishment who perished in the great Tooley Street fire of 1861, considered cast-iron structures more dangerous to his men than timber ones. Similarly, the refusal to adopt the open plan for department stores in London was due not to conservatism but to legislation which limited the cubical content of self-

contained units in a building. (Even so, Whiteley's managed to burn down four times in the late nineteenth century.) D. H. Evans in Oxford Street, built in 1936-37, was the first open-plan department store in capital.

The modern feeling that architectural history should be concerned with social history as much as aesthetics has so far principally affected the study of domestic architecture. That the wider architectural consequences of fire prevention are a fascinating and varied subject is shown by the exhibition organized by the Historic Buildings Division of the GLC at the RIBA's Heinz Gallery. This illustrates the history of London's fire-fighting services and the continual search for "fire-proof construction." Among the buildings illustrated is Waterhouse's Natural History Museum, which em-

ployed the latest ideas for fire-resistant construction, while the planning of Frank Matcham's celebrated theatres reflected the general alarm about the dangerous arrangements in most of London's places of entertainment.

But the real meat of this exhibition is the architecture of the fire-stations themselves - one of the new building types of the nineteenth century. The first purpose-built stations in London were erected by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, which had been formed in 1866 - after the Tooley Street fire had shown the inadequacies of the existing fire-fighting services. (The brigades of the insurance companies, whose badges were placed on the facades of insured buildings, had failed to keep pace with the growth of London.) The first commander of the MFB, Captain Shaw, a figure lionized in society and



One of the six drypoints by Stanley William Haylor entitled "Paysages Urbains", published in 1930. A complete set makes up lot 102 in a sale of prints at Phillips, 7 Blenheim St, W1 on July 6.

Babar's birthday treats

By Patrick O'Connor

Babar A.50 Ansel
Centre Culturel du Marais, Paris

A Pierre Bernac Recital on record

Despite the announcement of his fiftieth birthday, Babar belies his age with a timeless appearance. His creator Jean de Brunhoff first sketched the story of the elephant monarch to amuse his son Laurent and Mathieu, Brunhoff's own father had been the publisher of Diaghilev's first Ballets Russes programmes, and his brother Michel was *redacteur en chef* of the French edition of *Vogue*. It was he who arranged for Condé Nast to publish *L'Histoire de Babar* in 1931. Jean de Brunhoff died aged only thirty-six a few years later. His last work was to decorate the children's dining room aboard the ocean liner *Normandie*.

The third and fourth Babar books, which had appeared as black and white serials in the *Daily Sketch*, were finished in colour and published after his death. In 1946 Laurent de Brunhoff took over, and he has continued to write and illustrate further adventures since then.

The entrance to this exhibition in the rue des Francs Bourgeois is framed by the black view of a life-sized blue cardboard elephant through the legs of which one passes inside. Parties of children are guided by a policeman in a blue uniform, who is also a life-sized cardboard figure. The children are guided by a policeman in a blue uniform, who is also a life-sized cardboard figure. The children are guided by a policeman in a blue uniform, who is also a life-sized cardboard figure.

entrance hall, illuminated only by a spotlight flashing to and from various cut-outs of Babar in some of his many disguises. There is a cut with Babar at the wheel into which the smallest can climb, and a reading room stocked with many well-thumbed copies of the stories.

The exhibition is divided into two parts. The first contains Jean's paleo-coloured originals. His early sketches, almost scribbles, are charming, and quite different from the later finished illustrations. The last two rooms have Laurent's drawings and paintings, including one or two made at the age of thirteen which already show a steady hand. Although he had intended to follow a career as a fine artist and exhibited paintings in Paris after the war, his destiny - as he puts it - was to become Babar's father instead of his brother. His later pictures are in brighter, more international colours, to coincide with Babar's progress into world-famous elephant superstar. Two of the four rooms have ramps for children to walk along so that they may see the pictures at eye level, but possibly the most exciting room for them, which divides the work of Laurent de Brunhoff from that of his father, contains numerous large poster-painted globes mounted on sturdy springs which the children can push or spin as they pass.

Many children find Babar's unsmiling face and the ferocious murder of his mother by the wolf hunters in the first book too much to take. The later stories are softer, but I think Babar has always been particularly favoured by adults. Certainly it came as no surprise when Francis Poulenc set the whole *L'Histoire de Babar* to music. The Friends of Pierre Bernac have just issued a recording of his *musique for speaker*

and piano. It is amusing to read in Willfried Radford's sleeve note that Poulenc was given the idea of setting Babar to music when one of his young cousins, hearing him improvise at the piano one day, said "What you are playing is very boring. Why don't you play this?" and presented him with her copy of the book.

Each chapter is followed by a brief musical episode which depicts the action. Poulenc's writing for the piano here is as vivid as in his large pieces (he composed the work during 1940-45, just before *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*); it surprises with unexpected discords and echoes of Parisian café music. One of the loveliest movements is that associated with Babar's meeting with the rich old lady who takes him in after the death of his mother. Bernac's speaking is no less varied than was his singing voice. He strikes the perfect mock-serious balance between irony and tenderness.

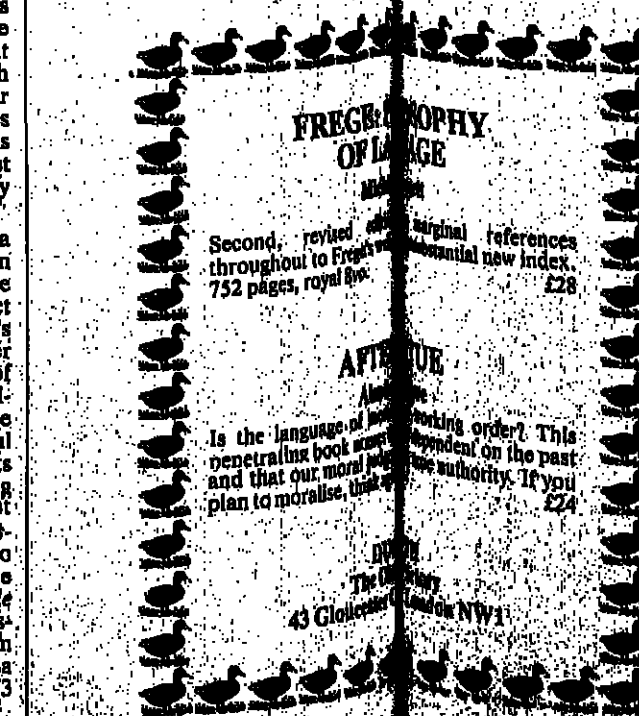
On the reverse side of the record is a recital of songs by Gounod made in 1937, with Poulenc himself at the piano. There is no disguising the fact that it was near the end of Bernac's career as a performer, but he was never a singer whose strength of voice was of great importance. His phrasing, delicate but virile, and his diction - a superb. The songs include the beautiful *Viens, les gazons sont verts*, with its rippling accompaniment, the exciting *Viens, les gazons sont verts*, and yet another version of Mignon's *Contraire à la pitié*, this one a translation into French by Louis Gallet. The complete text of the songs and *L'Histoire de Babar* are included with English translations. (The record is available from The Friends of Pierre Bernac, 38a Edgware Road, London NW3 3ON.)

teased by Gilbert in *Iolanthe*, began the building of stations as well as the improvement of equipment and methods. The first ones were very utilitarian, but after 1879 Robert Pease produced original designs in so-called red-brick Gothic with crenellated towers. Several of these buildings survive both as London landmarks and in use, such as the one in New Cross and the fine station in Chiltern Street, Marylebone.

The particular requirements of stations helped to make them varied and interesting, for there had to be accommodation for firemen living on the premises as well as for fire-engines, while the look-out tower (necessary before telephones) added a picturesque feature. In London, the heroic period of fire-station architecture came at the turn of the century, after the Brigade came under the newly formed London County Council.

In 1899, the Fire Brigade Section of the LCC's Architects' Department was reorganized under Owen Fleming and C. C. Winnill, formerly of the Housing Section. The result was a number of fire stations in the "Free Style" which are monuments of careful Arts & Crafts architecture, often even more interesting than the LCC's excellent housing of the period. The most famous because most prominent is the Euston Road Station of 1902, a delightfully eccentric and picturesque composition in brick and stone, but good ones can still be found in use all over London. East Greenwich is a fine example, while those in Belisle Park and Shooter's Hill are more vernacular and country in style. In central London, Classical elements were employed to make the stations more urban, as with the one tucked behind Kensington High Street. The exhibition ends with the building of the Fire Brigade headquarters in the 1930s: the Albert Embankment in the 1930s; certainly the architecture of fire stations since then would not be to edifying a subject.

The exhibition consists of photographs and the charming, masterful architectural drawings made by both the Metropolitan Board of Works and the LCC. They have been chosen by Andrew Saint, who organized the exhibition of the work of the LCC's housing architects in the same gallery last year. That was accompanied by a book, *A Revolution in London Housing*, by Susan Beattie. Unfortunately, this current exhibition only offers the public a duplicated and typescript, which is an excellent and informative historical summary by the Saint. This should be the basis of an illustrated publication which the interest of the subject and the research undertaken for the exhibitions both deserve. Could not the GLC and the Fire Brigade produce one between them?



Mixed humour

By Stanley Wells

The Shoemaker's Holiday
Olivier Theatre

The Shoemaker's Holiday and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, written within a few years of one another, are linked in many minds as City of London comedies which have been genuinely popular for a century or more and have been frequently performed in schools and universities and by other amateur groups but less often by professional companies. Both are now enjoying major revivals, though in very different styles. Michael Bogdanov's RSC production of Beaumont's play rewrites large sections of the text and embellishes it with cadenzas of brilliant theatrical virtuosity. John Dexter's version of Thomas Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday* at the National Theatre (which I saw at a preview) is a more sober affair, notable for its textual purity. The lines are played virtually as written, with the addition at the opening and the close of sentences from Dekker's Epistle, and on the occasion of the morris dance at Sir Roger Oatley's house of a few lines from a traditional mummings play.

With the aid of his designer, Julia Trevelyan Oman, the director makes cunning efforts to define a manageable playing area within the wide open spaces of the Olivier stage. The set's main feature is a structure reminiscent of the living-house facade in an Elizabethan theatre, a broad central panel flanked by two narrower, forward-angled ones. For the panels, Miss Oman has devised a charming series of designs appropriate to the action of each scene - panoramas of Tudor London, a country house, a hunting tapestry, heraldic designs. For the shoemaker's shop, the central panel opens to reveal a delightfully detailed domestic interior built on a rostrum which can be wheeled forward. The three-man's songs printed along with the play but not integrated into the action are used to bridge the scenes. It is all ingenious and decorative, if a touch effortful.

The director's approach is eminently serious, allowing equal weight to all aspects of the action and permitting only occasional comic embellishments - a Dodge (Peter Needham) who half-skips, half-slides from person to person; some unconvinquingly foppish servants; the Earl of Lincoln's habit of raising his flat velvet cap at every mention of the King. Andrew Cruickshank brings a delectable fruitfulness to Lincoln, and in general the acting avoids the kind of caricature which, in the lesser figures, Dekker's somewhat starchy characterization might appear to invite.

In examining the worlds of the company board-room, the strike committee and the terrorist cell, Bond presents a series of stark, sententious conflicts, yet the result is less a dialectical parable than a rigorous syllogistic work-out. The relentless cat-in-hat political aphorisms - sounds like machine-gun fire throughout the play. There are more interesting lines than at Clapham Junction, and it is one of the virtues of Nick Hamm's production that he resists the temptation to support any one line at the expense of the others.

Only once does this resolution seem to falter. The striker Terry, played by Ian McDiarmid, assumes the vacant chairman's place at the board-room table, and addresses to the audience a soliloquy which has the embarrassing quality of a Christmas truce in the unreal quiet of no-man's land. "If we were here, the brotherhood of man would not come overnight. But it would be harder for inhumanity to prosper. Why? Because in everything we did, we'd seek only for the welfare of mankind. No one who's sat in these chairs till now can say that." Yet it is Terry who, first of the play's final salvo, a burst which seems to be aimed by Bond himself: "We're all terrorists. Every one of us. We live by terror."

Properly enough, we are made keenly aware of social distinctions. Nicholas Selby's cockney Lord Mayor of London, deferential to the Earl of Lincoln, clearly feels himself a cut above his successor, the shoemaker. Michael Thomas, in a virile, well-spoken performance, is convincingly aristocratic as Lincoln's nephew, Rowland Lacy, wooer of the uppishly poised Rose (Selina Cadell), while able to slip easily into his disguise as Hans, the Dutch shoemaker. The native shoemakers are well, if a little colourlessly, played, though Peter Løvstrøm brings to Ralph a natural pathos which reminded me of the young Alec Guinness. The regret and anxiety displayed by his fellows when he leaves for the wars prepare for his occupying the emotional centre of the play on his return with an amputated leg.

More problematic is the social placing of Simon Eyre, the shoemaker who during the play's action becomes successively alderman, sheriff, and Lord Mayor. It is not easy to believe in his prosperity. In part this is an effect of the set's mechanics, his dwelling being confined to the rostrum on which it can be moved back and forth, but it results also from the casting of Alfred Lynch as the master shoemaker. Initially, at least, he presents a gaunt, careworn figure, sunken of cheek and husky of voice, hardly conscious of the problems of earning a living. Director and actor between them seem to wish to portray an Eyre whose worldly success

comes less from natural buoyancy than from a capacity to browbeat and dominate all around him, including his wife. His marvellously colourful outbursts of invective, which can sound emotions of natural ebullience, here suggest a choleric rather than a sanguine temperament. More than once, seeing he has gone too far, he painfully pulls himself up and wrests from himself an expression of affection. The heart of gold is evident from time to time, and the impression of a man who has tolled long and hard gives reality to his delight in his aldermanic status - and in his robes - but though this is an interesting and well-executed reading of the character, it is scarcely consonant with his reputation as a "merry madcap", a "buffcap", one who lives "as merry as an emperor".

The programme notes make much of the links between Dekker and London but omit to mention that the play is closely indebted to Thomas De Witt's prose romance, *The Gentle Craft*. A greater weaving of the realities of Elizabethan London with the liberating values of romance might well have lifted the production to greatness. Nevertheless, it is no mean achievement to have demonstrated that this excellent play is stageworthy in all its parts, and capable of bearing a weight of serious interpretation. This must be accounted its most successful revival ever, though one would like to have seen the *Old Vic* production in 1926, which was graced by Baillet Latholl as Eyre and Edith Evans as his wife.

Homo mob rules

By David Nokes

The Worlds
New Half Moon Theatre

"You understand nothing. Yet the public means of explanation - press television, theatre... almost everywhere ideas are formed or information is collected, is owned in one way or another by people like you. Even our language is owned by people like you." Thus Anna the terrorist berates her abducted victim, the company chairman, Trench, Edward Bond's latest play, *The Worlds*, his first to have a contemporary setting since *Saved*, is a Brechtian allegory that exposes the violence that underpins the money that underpins the institutions that underpin the liberal myths of shared values and common humanity. "You think you can live half your life by the laws of banking, and the other half by truth," she adds, kicking home her propaganda on the trussed-up body of the man who thought he believed in trust.

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A maquette for Edward Bond's *Saved*. This early sixteenth-century bronze is in the varied and opulent exhibition *Objects for a "Workshop"* at Colnaghi's, 14 Old Bond Street, W1 until July 31. The display includes metalwork, scientific instruments, glass, sculpture, paintings, furniture and other objects and is intended to reproduce the effect of a historic private collection. There is a fully illustrated, well documented catalogue.

It's usually thought to be anguished liberals who wait to have their consciences caught in the crossfire from opposed front lines. Yet this play too comes close to a sense of liberal despair. The conflicting claims of different ideologies seem to prove the bankruptcy of all morality, and we are faced in the end with the naked violence of mankind. The strikers are ripping each other off over the sale of a motorbike; one of the terrorists is an informer; the company directors take advantage of Trench's abduction to vote him off the board.

Trench, played in a remarkable double by Ian McDiarmid, is a crucially ambiguous figure. As chairman of the board he is a cardboard cut-out, mouthing public-school clichés about character and leadership. A ruthless salvager, a burst which seems to be aimed by Bond himself: "We're all terrorists. Every one of us. We live by terror."

support of John Normington's Hodge.

All this gives increased reality to the joyful conclusion, in which the plot's complications are resolved by a king, unnamed in the text (or the programme) but here, as commonly, presented as Henry V: the identification is pressed upon us by the attendant lords' wincing at Eyre's offer to shave off his hair "and stuff tennis balls with it to please my bully king". It is characteristic of the production that while Eyre's sovereignty of nature is denied him, the King, in David Yelland's consummately relaxed and witty performance, behaves with total insouciance. Social superiority, it is suggested, brings with it true liberation of personality.

The programme notes make much of the links between Dekker and London but omit to mention that the play is closely indebted to Thomas De Witt's prose romance, *The Gentle Craft*. A greater weaving of the realities of Elizabethan London with the liberating values of romance might well have lifted the production to greatness. Nevertheless, it is no mean achievement to have demonstrated that this excellent play is stageworthy in all its parts, and capable of bearing a weight of serious interpretation. This must be accounted its most successful revival ever, though one would like to have seen the *Old Vic* production in 1926, which was graced by Baillet Latholl as Eyre and Edith Evans as his wife.

"but we throw a lifebelt in the sea behind us". After his abduction and demotion he becomes a Lear-like figure, inhabiting the derelict mansion where he was kidnapped, living on scraps, draping a blanket like a toga around his shoulders. In this vatic guise he intones misanthropic curses on mankind through the ages. "A clown with a gun. An idiot with a stick. The human species. Homo mob." He is a deranged symbol of discarded humanity, and his sentiments remain clichés, but they have the dignity of despair to raise them above the rote-like slogans of his antagonists. It is Trench who dreams of the last big bang, when the world will end and "dust will come down on everything like a white sheet". It is Trench, too, who commits the single most violent act in the play, by shooting the innocent shrouded figure who is the terrorists' second victim. Even Lear is a terrorist now.

At times this production hovers uncertainly between realistic and allegorical interpretations of the text. Trench's white sheet is unfortunate to cover the entire set, isolating the final scene, with its disillusioned strikers, as a rather self-conscious afterthought. The slow pace of some of the board-room scenes detracts from their antipathetic effect, and the terrorists in their balconies are depressingly predictable. However, Barrie Houghton, Robin Soans and Stan Thomas double magnificently in their roles as both bosses and strikers, greatly enhancing the play's didactic confrontations.

"The world that can't change loses all that it has", remarks Terry, sounding as much like Tennyson as Marx. For Anna, the only really important change is to unite the worlds of apparent morality and real power. "That's all revolution is: making the two worlds one." That one world would be, in her phrase, a place "of peace and prosperity". Bond offers us no such comfortable optimism.

Leeds University and the Arts Council have come in to the rescue of the financially beleaguered *London Magazine* through the purchase by the university's Brotherton Library of the magazine's archives for the period 1972-80, at a price of £7500. Of this, £2,875 is being put up by the Arts Council (who also contribute an annual grant to the magazine, amounting in 1979-80 to £25,000).

New Oxford books:

Economics and politics

Data Collection in Developing Countries

D.J. Casley and D.A. Lury

The development of sampling theory is comparatively new. It provides a logical conceptual framework upon which to base estimates of the characteristics of a population from the results of an examination of a sample. The authors discuss the practical aspects of data collection in developing countries primarily, but not exclusively, within a sampling framework. £15 paper covers £4.95

Growth with Equity

The Taiwan Case

John C.H. Fei

and others

This book provides a framework for analyzing the relation between growth and the size distribution of income in a developing economy. In so doing it attempts to forge a link between development theory and the study of income distribution, and to explain why rapid growth often results in a worsening distribution of income. £9.50 paper covers £3.95

Migration in West Africa

The Demographic Aspects

K.C. Zachariah

and Julien Condé

This work is a descriptive study of international, internal, and rural-urban migration in Togo, Ghana, the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Mali, and Senegal. £10.50 paper covers £4.50 World Bank

The End of British Politics?

Scots and English Political Behaviour in the Seventies

William L. Miller

This book compares recent trends in Scottish and English political attitudes and behaviour. There are sections on social and religious alignments; on the special Scottish issues of North Sea oil and devolution; on variations in attitudes and behaviour patterns within different parts of Scotland; on the effects of special social or political environments; on the images of the parties; and on the pathological behaviour of the electoral system in Scotland. £17.50

Eisenhower and the Cold War

Robert A. Divine

The author's aim is to rehabilitate the reputation of Dwight D. Eisenhower, whom he considers a "badly underrated President". He shows that contrary to popular belief, Eisenhower skillfully and actively directed American foreign policy, and kept his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, under control. £7.50

Oxford University Press

commentary

Filling in the pauses

By Alan Jenkins

Texts
Riverside Studios

For those to whom Samuel Beckett is not primarily, or not at all, a connoisseur of despair and deprivation but a recorder of the unique and irreducible reality of a voice, the first surprise of Joseph Chaikin's one-man performance of Beckett's *Texts* (predominantly from *Texts for Nothing* but also including passages from *How It Is*) at the Riverside Studios is Mr Chaikin's voice itself. Obviously American in its accents and inflections, yet breaking every so often into an actor's brogue, this seemed caught between Chaikin's awareness of his man's Irishness and a desperate attempt at "universality".

Beckett's own words are poised

between the world of utterance and that of writing, and the private reader of his work can, and must, keep a hold on both. The public performer has to make a choice whether to invest more heavily in the one or the other. Chaikin's decision to go for the physical, in a repertoire of voice-effects, abrupt changes in pace and rhythm, variations in tone, and so on, involves the loss of a good deal of the overall tonality. We miss the tension, for instance (and some of Beckett's most memorable ironies grow out of it) between the ostensible "situation" of the voice—as ever, a state of infinite decrepitude, of near-collapse after a fruitless journey undertaken, on foot, for no better reason than the horror of staying put, which has led in the present phase of reporting to a nowhere in particular (yet how sharply remembered it actually seems) which is, if possible, even more awful than the place set out from—a journey, furthermore, not yet completed; the tension between all this and the decorum of the

declarative syntax, the exhaustively long but by no means disordered sentences, the elegant constructions and sombre cadences reminding us that despite falterings, hesitations, repetitions, surges of dismay, breathless punctuation and headlong phrasing, words alone are a way of holding on, for all the "speechless, issueless misery", has its own seductions.

Instead we have from Chaikin something approaching a naturalistic rendering of childish petulance. This is far from being beside the point. The rapid alternations between rage and submission, intense disgust and intense desire, self-esteem and self-loathing, destructiveness and tenderness: all are present in the *Texts for Nothing*. And Beckett's people draw more than our sympathy, but something different from "identification": a recognition of what we once were as children, and will be again. In all this Chaikin gives us one side—as it seemed to me, the *for Nothing* side—with considerable force. But the subtlety of the texts, the

"stylishness" and musicality of the phrasing and the particular "silence" they impose—the attention which they generate to what happens when the words stop—these Chaikin has less grip on.

The other surprise is his minimally naturalistic treatment of gesture, setting, movement. Staggering, lolling or rolling around the stage swathed in quilted, grime-stained rompers, he reminded me at moments of the Michelin man; uttering the word "sea", he suggests with a rapid dumb-show the act of looking out over one, backstage; the word "hill" has him climbing with effortful steps; and with the word "mist" a great swirl of acrid smoke. *Whirling Heights*, like, envelops him. Speaking of the hat, coat boots and stick that accompany all Beckett's gentlemen-vagrants, he conjures them into ghostly pools of light on an otherwise darkened backdrop, where they hang, the habitual properties of a darkened inner world. In contrast to Chaikin's other antics (are we really to

believe that the *Texts for Nothing* were literally uttered from a ditch, in a bog, sea, plain and mountain, reached after an arduous climb?) this was strangely effective. All of it, though, seemed to acknowledge—utterly misplaced—that Beckett's words, at least as spoken by the actor, could not be expected to hold an audience's attention for the minutes in relatively comfortable surroundings.

That this feeling was unnecessary was confirmed when, for a few brief moments at the close of the performance, Chaikin stood absolutely still and out of his mouth came the last few terrifying paragraphs of *How It Is*. Each short passage delivered rapidly, without pause, punctuated only by intake of breath: two voices—one interrogating, anxious, plainly, the other answering, matter-of-factly, different to its interrogator's, relaying each other without a break, both spoken and distinguished one from the other by Chaikin with complete assurance and conviction.

Japanese Architects

Sir, — I was disappointed, if not entirely surprised, by J. M. Richards's comment that Japanese architects were over-represented in Macmillan's *Contemporary Architects* (May 21). Ethnocentrism is endemic in the West, protecting itself as best it might from the reality of the East, labelling the products of its thought as alien, inadmissible, beyond the pale: "exotic" is the most it is allowed to be.

When the editor invited me to contribute some essays on three or four Japanese architects, I discovered that they were planning to have a paltry (and sinister) thirteen Japanese representatives in a book of 600. After some negotiations, the likes of Yoshinobu Ashihara, Minoru Takeyama and Kimo Yokoyama were grudgingly admitted into the Japanese pantheon, but the ceiling was still artificially low at thirty. Hence architects of the calibre of Osamu Ishiyama, Tadao Ando, Toyoo Ito, Toyokazu Watanabe, Shozo Uchi, Kiyoshi Kawasaki, Mayumi Miyawake, Kazunari Sakamoto had to be politely ignored; large influential offices, too, had to be similarly consigned to the historical waste bin—Takenaka Komuten, Nikken Sekkei, Kajima, et al.

J. M. Richards argues that US and British architects predominate since the book is aimed at English readers. But isn't that exactly the reason why Japan and other "marginal" countries—Thailand, Indonesia, Philippines—should have been given a fairer proportional representation? What Richards is wanting is a volume totally reflective of the Western idea-world, a volume he can turn to in moments of doubt and find flattering self-images drawn up according to Vitruvian proportions. But in a world of many cultures, many thought-forms, many realities, no one system should be allowed to prevail.

CHRIS FAWCETT.
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Formalism

Sir, — The correspondence between Herbert Read and V. F. Calverton, printed in your issue of May 22, sheds an unexpected sidelight on one of the most intriguing chapters in the history of modern literary criticism—the parallel, even almost convergence, between the Anglo-American and Slavic "formalisms" of the inter-war period; or to be more specific, between the Russian formalist method (and its extension in Prague structuralism) and the American New Criticism (including, of course, Eliot and Richards). The point of convergence, however problematic, between the two movements was Walter and Warren's influential *Theory of Literature* (1949).

Arguably the Slavic theory was more advanced from the start, whether in the study of verbalization (metrics), narrative theory (the distinction between story [*fabula*] and plot [*syuzhet*]), or literary history (the concept of literary "half-truths"). Yet until now it seemed more curiously and generally ignored among geologists and the public than the question of the Antiquity of the Human Race.

SIBYL E. CROWE,
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O'Casey and the Old Vic

Sir, — A story that Sean O'Casey recounts in his autobiography gives the strong impression that Lilian Baylis may have shrewdly anticipated the present demise of the Old Vic Theatre as it is related by Harold Hobson in *Commentary* (May 15). In *Rose and Crown* the playwright tells us that Dame Lilian, hearing that O'Casey had been invited to give a television talk on the need for a National Theatre in England (presumably some time in the late 1930s), tried to pressure him into saying that her theatre was in fact the English National Theatre. O'Casey refused, believing that a National Theatre to be worthy of the name should encompass a far wider vision than that of Dame Lilian and her fellow-workers at what Hobson calls "the old, beloved building in the Waterloo Road" but what O'Casey thought was a tawdry temple "maintained to beautify the name of Baylis". According to the dramatist this refusal led to the BBC cancelling the broadcast. Whether or not Dame Lilian was responsible for this, his testimony does suggest that the founder of the Old Vic foresaw that its artistic usefulness would most probably be severely damaged if not entirely destroyed were a rival like the National Theatre to be founded. Of course, as we can now see with hindsight, this eventually need not have come to pass had not the issue been further complicated by the founding of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre as a permanent repertory company in London as well as Stratford.

O'Casey's story also suggests that Dame Lilian was far less personally disinterested in her own creation and in its future than certain later commentators have made her out to be—and his comparison of her with the more daringly imaginative and generous "Master of the Revels", C. B. Cochran, who in his view should have had the equivalent of a National Theatre to direct, makes for a thoughtful retrospective. Perhaps we should be less sentimental about the Old Vic's present situation while remaining appreciative of its past achievements which helped lead to the creation of both the National Theatre and the Royal

'Retreat from Power'

Sir, — I am reluctant to ask for further space in your columns to continue this controversy. But I would like to make the following points.

I am glad to see that K. M. Wilson admits that there are differences of view between Nicolson and Crowe (Letters, June 12); though he fails to mention that when Nicolson originally talked about negotiations with Russia the objects he had in mind were quite different to those of Crowe.

Crowe never admitted for one moment that Britain had not a very good claim to the Neutral Zone. On the contrary, on account of Russia's infringement of her obligations under the 1907 Convention, both in her own and the Neutral Zone, he made out a strong case for such a claim (cf. *Minutes* during the first half of 1914; January 21, February 26, March 11.16.21. May 11.22, June 2.3.8).

It was only because of the attitude of the India Office that we were unable for the moment to impose political control over the Neutral Zone. Crowe wished to make good use of the breathing space thus necessitated not as a substitute for, but as a prelude to, our taking it over eventually—which we did. His policy was one of advance not retreat.

The Central Asian background had nothing to do with our decision to go to war in 1914.

Finally I would like to say this. My father, Sir Eyre Crowe, has at various times, and by various people, been accused of being a Germanophile and a Francophile (before 1914); a Francophile and Germanophile (after 1914); and now apparently either a Russophile or a Russophile. In reality he was none of these things; for he had no use either for "phills" or for "phobias". Attempts to label him in this way show a complete misunderstanding of his approach to foreign policy, which was based on concepts which were both more intellectual and more realistic. Keith Wilson might well ponder, in this context, a conversation he once had with Harold Nicolson about Cyprus, at the Paris Peace Conference. "You," he told Harold Nicolson, "are a sentimental philhellene. I am not phil anything."

SIBYL E. CROWE,
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'Vera; or the Nihilists'

Sir, — In the May 1 issue of the TLS, the caption beneath the photograph of Oscar Wilde inscribed to the American actress Clara Morris whom he wanted for the lead in his play *Vera; or the Nihilists* that the production "came to nothing". It did in fact have a brief run in New York in August of 1893. Was it a witty exploration of terrorism as a weapon against the totalitarian state did not appeal to the journalist critics of the day. It is a remarkable early play by a great playwright that calls for a timely revival.

W. HOWARD ADAMS,
126 East 64 Street, New York, NY 10021.

Shakespeare Company. Sir Harold's splendid elegy hits the right non-reverential tone of voice.

RONALD AYLING,
Department of English, The University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada.

Bindings

Sir, — I was abroad and unable to read proofs of my review of Dr Schmidt-Künsemüller's *Corpus der goischen Lederschnittbände* (June 5). Your readers will no doubt themselves have corrected the minor misprints that unfortunately appeared in "Brandenburg" for "Brandenburg", "Berlin theol. at. fol. 309" for "lat. fol. 309", but they may have been puzzled by the omission of two lines in the fourth paragraph. The sentences should have run, "Previous scholars attributed groups of bindings in Austrian monastic libraries to putative figures, the travelling artist from Salzburg" and "the Kremsmünster travelling artist". Dr Schmidt-Künsemüller considers both groups to be the work of several hands.

ANTHONY HOBSON.

The Glebe House, Whitbury, Fordingbridge, Hampshire.

Podsnappery

Sir, — In his review of John Carey's book on John Donne (June 12), my friend Christopher Hill writes of the Elizabethan Jesuits "insisting on becoming martyrs".

I was at once reminded of the eleventh chapter of *Our Mutual Friend*, "Podsnappery". A man of meek demeanour mentions that some half-dozen people had lately died in the streets of starvation.

"I don't believe it," said Mr Podsnap, putting it behind him. The meek man was afraid we must take it as proved, because there were the Inquests and the Registrar's returns.

"Then it was their own fault," said Mr Podsnap. Veneering and other elders of tribes commended this way out of it. At once a short cut and a broad road.

Among this week's contributors

PAUL BAILEY's most recent novel is *Old Soldiers*, 1980.

JOHN BATCHELOR's *The Edwardian Novels* will be published later this year.

ALAN BOLD is currently completing a book on twentieth-century Scottish literature and a critical study of Hugh MacDiarmid.

PATRICK BOWLES is a lecturer at the University of Paris VIII.

ANTHONY CLARE is the author of *Psychiatry in Dissent*, a second edition of which was published in 1980.

ISABEL COLEBOAT's novels include *From the City of the Sun*, 1979.

SIR WILLIAM HALEY was Editor of *The Times* from 1952 to 1966.

GRAHAM HUGHES's books include *An Essay on Criticism*, 1973. His *Selected Essays* were published in 1978.

ANN JEFFERSON is the author of *The Nouveau Roman and the Poetics of Fiction*, 1981.

DANIEL KARLIN is a lecturer in English at University College London.

PETER KEATING's books include *The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction*, 1971.

PETER KEMP's critical study *H. G. Wells and the Culminating Ape* will be published shortly.

PAUL M. KENNEDY's most recent book is *The Realities Behind Diplomacy: Background Influences on British External Policy, 1865-1980*, 1981.

JOHN LUCAS is the author of *The 1930s: A Challenge to Orthodoxy*, 1979. His *The Literature of Change* was published earlier this year.

PETER MARSHALL is Professor of American Studies at the University of Manchester.

GRAHAM DUNSTAN MARTIN is a lecturer in French at the University of Edinburgh.

TIMOTHY MASON is a Fellow of St Peter's College, Oxford.

J. G. MERQUOR's books include *Rousseau and Weber: two studies in the Theory of Legitimacy*, 1980.

JOHN MOLE's new collection of poems, *Feeding the Lake*, will be published later this year.

KENNETH O. MOROAN's *Consensus and Dissensus: the Lloyd George Coalition 1918-1922* was published in 1979. His *Rebirth of a Nation: Wales 1880-1980* was published earlier this year.

DAVID NORMAN is a lecturer in English at King's College, London.

VALERIE PEARL is President Elect of New Hall, Cambridge.

GRAHAM PETRIE's novel *Sea-Horse* was published earlier this year.

PATRICK POLLARD is a lecturer in French at Birkbeck College, London.

The man of meek demeanour intimated that truly it would seem from the facts as if starvation had been forced upon the culprits in question—as if, in their wretched manner, they had made their weak protests against it—as if they would have taken the liberty of staying it off if they could—as if they would rather not have been starved upon the whole, if perfectly agreeable to all parties.

Also, I seem to remember about thirty years ago some people in Oxford taking a Podsnap view of the victims of Stalin's secret police.

A. O. J. COCKSHUT,
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James Bond

Sir, — Philip Larkin is not quite correct when he says ("The Batman from Blides", June 5) that John Gardner's *Licence Renewed* is only the second "pseudo-Bond" novel. In between Markham/Amis and Gardner at least two books by Christopher Wood appeared, *Moonraker* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

In case anyone should point out that these were in fact Fleming's own titles, it should perhaps be explained that both were based on the film scripts, which bore little similarity (to put it no stronger) to Fleming's original novels, and could thus be turned into fresh narratives.

JACK ADRIAN,
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In the TLS of June 12 the title of the book reviewed by D. D. R. Owen was incompletely given as *A Study of the Arthurian Romances*. The full title of the book is *Christine de Troyes: A Study of the Arthurian Romances* and the author is L. T. Topsfield not J. T. Topsfield as printed. We apologize for any inconvenience that may have been caused by this mistake.

We regret that we failed to identify the Literary Editor of the *Spectator* correctly in last week's list of contributors. He is in fact Patrick Marham.

VASKO PORA's most recent book of poems is *The Golden Apple*, translated by the late Anne Pennington, 1980.

S. S. PRAWER's books include *Comparative Literary Studies: An Introduction*, 1973, and *Caligari's Children: The Film as Tale of Terror*, 1980.

PETER REDDROVE's most recent collection of poems is *The Weddings at Wether Powers*, 1979.

WILLIAM SCANDRELL's most recent collection of poems is *Yes and No*, 1980.

GAVIN STAMP's books include *Temples of Power*, 1979.

PETER SUTCLIFFE is the author of *The Oxford University Press: An Informal History*, 1978.

JULIAN SYMONS's books include a biography of Edgar Allan Poe, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, 1975.

TOMAS TRANSTRÖMER's *Selected Poems* will be reviewed shortly in the TLS.

HUGH TAYLOR-ROPER's books include *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change, 1972*, and *Princes and Artists*, 1977.

J. P. WATKINS is Professor of Medical Microbiology at the Welsh National School of Medicine.

STANLEY WELLS is joint editor of the *Revels Plays* text of *The Shoemaker's Holiday*.

SIR DUNCAN WILSON was British Ambassador to Yugoslavia, 1964-68, and to the Soviet Union, 1968-71.

Habilis, erectus, sapiens . . .

By Redmond O'Hanlon

The Making of Mankind
BBC TV

In his 1959 Bampton Lecture, delivered in the same year as *The Origin of Species* was published, George Rawlinson proposed, in all seriousness, that as Moses' mother Jochebed probably met Jacob who could have known Noah's son Shem who was possibly acquainted with Methuselah who had been for 243 years a contemporary of Adam, time was a family matter and could be measured in generations.

Richard Leakey, in his triumphantly successful seven-part documentary correlating recent research into the origin of man, is at pains to make the same point. The generations in question have certainly grown a little more numerous, but equally certainly the foot-prints left across some damp volcanic ash close to Olduvai Gorge in Tanzania three and three-quarter million years ago were made by members of the family. And the recent vasting extension of our knowledge of our ancestry into the previously dark night of evolutionary time has itself freed our more immediate forebears for our retrospective bestowal of humanity upon them: Neanderthal ceases to be the shambling brutish giant of popular nightmare and becomes, instead, sensitive and intelligent. Man who buried his dead companions in wreaths of flowers.

Gone, too, is that late-Victorian image of the real nature of our savage ancestors, the men whose collective brutal characteristics Freud gathered up in mistaken Lamarckian fashion, compressed, and bequeathed to anyone who believed him as a heavy cargo for their deep subconscious. As John Lubbock wrote in *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man: Mental and Social Condition of Savages* (1870), "a knowledge of modern savages and their modes of life enables us more accurately to picture, and judge, wisely, to conceive, the manners and customs of our ancestors in bygone ages"; and this remained the true method of investigation into prehistory, the results of which J. G. Frazer summed up in the 1900 edition of *The Golden Bough*.

One of the great achievements of this century which have shaped its end is to have now shifted down this low mental stratum in many parts of the world, and thus to have discovered the substantial identity between our own and our ancestors.

here to consider what bearing the permanent existence of such a solid layer of savagery beneath the surface of society, and unaffected by the superficial changes of religion and culture, has upon the future of humanity. The dispassionate observer, whose studies have led him to plumb its depths, can hardly regard it otherwise than as a standing menace to civilization. We seem to move on a thin crust which may at any moment be rent by the subterranean forces slumbering below.

Leakey reverses this nineteenth-century view. He goes to the primitive hunter-gatherer (Kung people (the bushmen of the Kalahari) not as to the African heart of darkness, but for twentieth-century enlightenment and reassurance: Far from threatening civilization, the "solid layer of savagery" may be our only bedrock of hope for the future. The Kung are a gentle people, moving in groups of about thirty individuals from one temporary base to another, peacefully sharing the nuts, roots and bulbs gathered by the women and the meat hunted by the men. And, pace Raymond Dart and Robert Ardrey, there is no evidence of violence in the fossil record. Intra-specific aggression in man appears to be very recent, arriving only with the invention of agriculture; the adoption of territories, the building of the first towns, the coming of civilization. We are not innately murderous, not biologically "predestined" to destroy ourselves.

Such, anyway, is Leakey's overall thesis, but the main strength of his film-chronicle of our prehistory lies in the great mass of new information he is able to present. Beginning seriously about twenty million years ago with the forest-dwelling, ape-like "dryopithecines" munching their way through African fruits, soft leaves, shoots, flowers and insects, Leakey charts the emergence of the savannah-living ramapithecines with the help of a site in the Siwalik Hills in Pakistan. Interest then quickens with the description of the discovery of "Lucy", a three-and-a-half to four feet tall female adult (her wisdom teeth had erupted) who, with her ape-like skull and chimpanzee-size brain, yet walked upright three million years ago and died near the present Hadar river in Ethiopia. Contrary to previous orthodox opinion, we were on our feet before we thought about it.

But why? The immediate advantages are not obvious. A monkey can run at about thirty-five miles per hour, can climb at fifteen. Major anatomical changes were needed, including a complete re-modelling of the pelvis, and our new stance gave us a walking stride which we share with the chicken.

Perhaps sex was the incentive: if "Lucy" was receptive all the year round and constantly preoccupied at base camp with her children, it would certainly have helped if her mate could carry home large quantities of food in his front legs. Whatever the answer, genuine scientists delighted with their own speculations make excellent television.

Whilst it is just possible that Lucy really is the common ancestor of all subsequent hominids, Leakey prefers to imagine her as a previously unknown contemporary of primitive forms of the robust and gracile Australopithecines and of *Homo habilis* who, it is known, were all living in parts of Africa two million years ago. Microscopic examination of their respective teeth suggests that they were fruit eaters, forest dwellers like the chimpanzee; but with the emergence of *Homo erectus* there comes (together with an enlarged brain) a sudden dental nightmare, huge scars in the tooth enamel which, as one scientist remarked, under the microscope "look like a layer of concrete that someone's attacked with a sledgehammer". An American medical team conducted a post-mortem on the most complete *Homo erectus* skeleton ever found, which was nonetheless plainly diseased. And what seemed to be the problem? Yaws? Syphilis? No—the patient had a condition rare in adults, vitamin A poisoning. She had been scooping about in an excessive number of carcasses, eating too much raw liver. Leakey followed suit, or, at least, he attempted to rip through the tough skin of a wildebeest and then solved his problem with the help of a chip of stone.

The Australopithecines died out; but *Homo erectus*, well-fed inventor of the skin-slicing chip, began to move out of Africa. At fifteen miles a generation he could have reached Europe in five thousand years with no individual feeling he had moved too far from home. He had certainly reached China by half a million years ago, where, in 1927, he became known as Peking Man from his newly discovered remains in the Choukoutien Cave. Here he kept a home fire burning and, amongst his other pursuits, led the life of the imagination. All the grand things found in the Choukoutien cave have an enlarged hole at their base, like a blown egg. Peking man was probably a cannibal, and to illustrate the reverent nature of this practice Leakey takes us to a South American tribe where the body and blood of a dead child is cooked for sabbath and the bones are powdered and the whole is made into a warm soup of great gusto from which the assembled circle of members partakes in turn, preserving the memory of

incorporating the substance of their kin.

In parenthesis, we are asked to consider the origin of speech: Washoe, the actress chimpanzee, goes through her American deaf and dumb language routine, but looks almost as bored with the theory of signs as the rest of us. Rubber casts of the insides of fossil skulls prove that we developed Broca's area (which controls speech and which is marked by a bump on the brain's outer convoluted surface) very early in our own development, and Leakey speculates that once our walking upright had freed our hands for sign language, their increasing flexibility developed alongside an increasing subtlety of speech, governed by the same basic ganglia. The probably gradually increasing sophistication of our abilities is well traced from *Homo erectus* via various transitional stages ("mosaic skulls") to Neanderthal and then to the emergence, some 40,000 years ago, of modern man.

The high point of Leakey's own excited interest in his series is evidently reached, as well it might be, as far from the arid gathering grounds and the hot controversies of man's very early African history as it is possible to go, in the cool underground cathedral of prehistory in the Lascaux cave, where, 14,000 years ago, Ice Age hunter-gatherers left the products, rather than just the containers, of their brains. I was fortunate enough to visit Lascaux before it was closed twenty years ago, but it was really not possible then to make out all the details of these astonishing works of art in the luminous and murky interior. After two years of negotiation, the television lights and ingenious camera lenses now make plain the whole cavalcade of bulls, lions, horses and stags, charging,

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office no later than Friday, July 17. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, London EC4A 3DF. Entries should be marked "Author" and sent by post. The editor's decision is final and will appear in our issue of July 24.

Competition No 57.
1. *Animaula vagula blandula*
It is true that your original glandular!

Must you sing to the Lord
An unbridled Chord
Like all other improprandus!

2. *Un marin naufragé* (de Donizetti)
Pour prière, un million d'écus
Répète! et s'enroule
Ces mots simples et doux:
"Scintille, scintille, petite étoile!"

3. Some limericks never wash clean
from their heads to their toes they're
obscene,
though it's not these extremes
that elicit the screams
but the things that they've got in between.

4. *Un marin naufragé* (de Donizetti)
Pour prière, un million d'écus
Répète! et s'enroule
Ces mots simples et doux:
"Scintille, scintille, petite étoile!"

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Secretary (Librarian), University of
Papua New Guinea, P.O. Box 111,
University P.O., Papua New Guinea, to
arrive not later than 31 July 1981.
Applicants resident in the UK should
also send 1 copy to the Committee for
International Cooperation in Higher
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Applications are invited for the
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Library Diploma. The duties will
include cataloguing, reference work
and other general library work.
Salary: P.W. 14,195 pa. (42 sterling
= 1.31).
40, two-year contract, regular sup-
port for approved research (rent-free
accommodation, fully furnished,
gas, electricity, water, etc.) and a 15-
month service education sub-
sidy. Salary contribution scheme to
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